

the LINK

November 1960

ANSWER TO CRISES

HOW THE PARTY LOST

COLORFUL FOOTBALL CHAMPION

25¢

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL







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STORIES

HOW THE PARTY LOST	Robert A. Elfers	9
SATURDAY'S LETTER	Lesley Smith	27

ARTICLES

DON'T PRAY WITH YOUR MOUTH FULL!	Francis Mason	5
WHAT LIFE HAS TAUGHT ME		
Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery and Konrad Adenauer		14
NOT CHARITY BUT A CHANCE	Aubrey B. Haines	16
TOUR OF EXCITING FRANCE	Dale Whitney	20
THE FIRST THANKSGIVING	Central Features News	30
PROTESTANTISM'S ANSWER TO AN AGE OF CRISIS	Stanley I. Stuber	34
WONDERFUL REFUGEE HOME IN VIENNA	J. J. Hanlin	42
CHRISTIAN GOAL: A CHANGED WORLD	Ward L. Kaiser	47
COLORFUL FOOTBALL CHAMPION	James W. Carty, Jr.	51

OTHER FEATURES

LETTER TO A YOUNG CHRISTIAN	Chaplain Harold L. Christmann	45
THE APPOINTED TIME	Paul K. McAfee	55
LET US PRAY		58
THE LINK SATELLITE		59
THE LINK CALENDAR		62
HELPS FOR LAY LEADERS		63
BOOKS ARE FRIENDLY THINGS		64
AT EASE!		66

COVERS

Front: Lord of all, to thee we raise, this our *prayer* of grateful praise.
Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Back: "Oh, deer!" says the little girl. Photo by David M. Mills.

Inside Front: A hunting we will go. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Back: The charming student nurse—cheerful Helen Squires.
Photo by Acme.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by Edward John Smith and Richard Horwitz

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Sound Off!

Suggests Articles for Wives

May I commend you for the very significant improvements in THE LINK. It is avidly read by children and adults as well as by the young servicemen to whom it is slanted.

However, since ours is today a family army as well as a man's army (which is also true of the other branches of service) you might have an even greater ministry by widening the scope of your material. Especially needed are items of interest to wives, who after all, have a tremendous effect for good or bad upon our military program. I have noticed a few stories in the past which attempted to meet some of these situations.

Keep up the good work and we chaplains will remain eternally grateful for your help.

—Chaplain (1st Lt) Wm. Rayburn Gentry, Post Protestant Chaplain, Ft. Buchanan, Puerto Rico, APO 851, New York, N.Y.

(We'd be glad to hear from others of you. Especially from you wives. Does THE LINK meet your needs? What would you like to see in the magazine? Of course, we don't want to lose our men readers by making it too feminine. But—there are perhaps many areas where both of you can be helped in the same magazine.)

(Continued on page 65)

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Let's discard false "Thanksgiving" practices and all their sentimental symbols: no more phony frost-on-the-pumpkin—no more inflating our collective lungs and blowing a sturdy blast on the good old cornucopia

...

Don't Pray with Your Mouth Full!

By Francis Mason

A FEW days ago, as reported in our press, a speaker before a local service club, a gentleman of impressive title and presumable distinction, used this phrase: "Our democracy, our comforts." Democracy. Comforts. He seemed to think that those two words meant the same thing; he seemed to be defining our highest political ideal in terms of our rich material possessions. And I think our good Rotarians could hardly have missed the point when he continued (and I quote): "We are the most *comfortable* people the world has ever known." (Italics mine.)

Some weeks ago, in another part of the country, a feminine radio artist was solemnly announcing to all whom it might concern that the rugged frontier spirit of early

America is not dead. (Now I have no record of this broadcast, and never knew its source; but I heard it, and you'll simply have to take my word for this.) In tones that thrilled with honest admiration she told how the young wives of American soldiers, stationed abroad with their husbands, were fighting back with grand old American fortitude against the tribulations of their exile. They were having a rough time, but they were sweating it out like tough little heroines. It was true, she said, they were having little trouble in finding domestic servants; there were somehow plenty of those; but they were being forced to struggle along (and they *were* struggling, with all the heroism of true American womanhood) against cruel shortages of closet space; and because of quite

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inadequate refrigerators they were being forced to go shopping for groceries, not *once* a week as in good old deep-freeze America, but every blessed market day of the world!

It seems this year that our package of Thanksgiving prayers should be addressed, if not to Santa Claus, to some Heavenly Executive in Charge of the Cosmic Distribution of Consumer Goods. This department is really doing a job, at least in our territory. Service is prompt and abundant, and the United States, in particular, is being supplied by Celestial Special Delivery.

Now these things somehow suggest the spirit in which we commonly celebrate Thanksgiving, and I shall say what little I can in correction of that spirit. I wish we might discard false practices and all their sentimental symbols. Therefore, as Mr. James Reston would say, I nominate the following for oblivion:

Nominated for oblivion

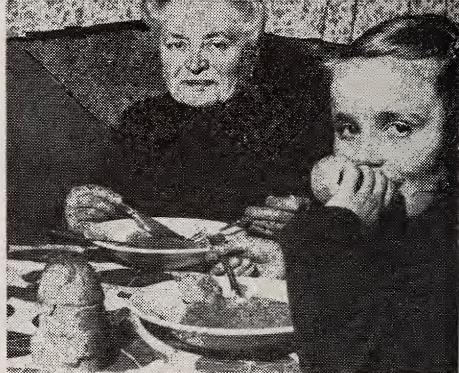
No more of this phony frost-on-the-pumpkin business.

No more Pilgrim Fathers lugging fat turkeys out of the forest primeval, their muskets cocked for hungry Indians, under the benediction of the harvest moon.

No more pious and gluttonous banquets.

No more rubbing our complacent hands over the groaning dinner table and drooling over the turkey until grace is finished.

No more inflating our collective lungs and blowing a sturdy blast on the good old cornucopia.



The hungry and displaced people around the world need our help.

No more confusing the gentle glow of honest fellowship with the animal heat of a full stomach.

No more provincial pride masquerading as Christian righteousness.

No more governors' proclamations or other civic substitutes for prayer.

No more assumption that what we are now to receive is the just reward of our national virtues, and also quite probably of our personal lives.

No more of the conclusion that because we are gorged with special blessings we must surely be the chosen people of God.

No more annual orgies of commercialism and self-indulgence blasphemously called by Christian names—Thanksgiving, even Christmas.

Let us bethink ourselves that a million "right guys" *can* be wrong—even a hundred million—when they perform this farce in the name of national worship.

What I have said so far I hope will be understood rather as a prayer than a sermon. But if it is a sermon, I suppose it has two texts. One of them is very simple; it is this: Don't

try to pray with your mouth full. The second text was written long ago by a great American poet. "By God!" he said—and the words are prayerful, not profane—"By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms."

It seems to have become our custom to give thanks less for universal grace than for our special blessings—the blessings we enjoy while others do without them. We worship our own superiority; we find it demonstrated in our comforts and conveniences; and over these we utter a parody of prayer.

To give thanks for a thing would seem to imply that we are both grateful and *happy* to receive it. But to find untroubled satisfaction in the enjoyment of good things which are denied to our neighbors is a perversion of Christian logic and a

mockery of Christian love. We give thanks for the dessert, but we take the dinner for granted.

For these we give thanks . . .

How, then, *should* we pray? And for what *should* we give thanks—if not for enjoyment of special privilege in a suffering world?

We should give thanks, among many other things, for the privilege of work. Dedicated labor is a high form of worship; it is both a prayer and an answer to prayer; and it is available to every willing man. It is our noblest active privilege; for, however humble our labor, it makes us co-builders with God in the continuing work of Creation.

Of the saintly Brother Lawrence it was said that "he was pleased when he could take up a straw from the ground for the love of God." "Our sanctification," he thought,

Rex Alvin Jones of Sylacauga, Ala., finds solace in the chapel of the Crippled Children's Hospital, Birmingham, where he is a polio patient.



"does not depend upon changing our works, but in doing that for God's sake which commonly we do for our own." "The time of business," said he, "does not with me differ from the time of prayer, and in the noise and clatter of my kitchen . . . I possess God in as great tranquility as if I were upon my knees at the Blessed Sacrament."

Let us give thanks, then, for humble collaboration with God.

Let us give thanks for our growth in the realization of human brotherhood. But let us give equal thanks for the saving thought that full brotherhood will be accomplished not by any trite slogan of equality but only by long patience and the healing years.

Let us give thanks, of course, for the good earth, and for the temperate use of material comforts. But never any thanks, to *any* god, for luxuries which are ours because we withhold them from others.

Let us give thanks for those issues and events in which we can honestly believe that we have been on the side of the right. But let us give equal thanks for the cleansing sense of error, and the grace that allows us to repent. As one of our thankful poets has told us, the roots of virtue are planted in remorse.

Let us give thanks for our new symbols of infinity. The old science pointed to intellectual mastery; the new science points to expanding mystery, and thus renews the necessity of faith. Let us be glad that revelation never ends.

Let us give thanks for the beauty of the arts that lead upward into

life. Let us know the artist as our effectual friend, and let us recognize ourselves as co-laborers in all the works of the human imagination. We are needed; artist and works are incomplete without us.

To angels and men . . .

Finally, let us give thanks for the human condition into which we were born—for old mortality itself. Being finite, we can change, and suffer, and look upward. Standing somewhere between the herded animals and the companionless solitude of God, we share the infinite. By our suffering we learn the benediction of joy. In our changefulness we become aware of the Unchangeable. In being human we both need and know the companionship of our own kind. All this we are given, and with it the power to receive in our mortal imperfection the grace of God. To know this grace, and to express it in our daily lives, is honest thankfulness. Thanksgiving is possible only to angels and men. It is our noblest capability.



HOW THE PARTY LOST

By Robert A. Elfers

They got the vote out, but—

THAT was a grim night for our political party. It was really bad. There's nothing so dispiriting as counting votes when most of them are going to someone else. Folks were sitting or walking around the room on the second floor of the fire house looking as if someone had robbed them of something, but they weren't sure what or how. And it really was robbery, too, considering how long the party had been in power and the ridiculous way the election was taken from it.

Ridiculous is the word. Yes, sir. Don't let anyone tell you the cause was anything else than Davey McEwen. Yes, sir, that's right. Henry McEwen's son. The same. It wasn't that the party was corrupt or anything like that. Not with a man like Henry McEwen for chairman. Henry's honest all the way, and he's not going to support any candidate who isn't honest.

And it wasn't the sewer pipe issue, either. After all, the town, growing the way it is with folks moving out from the city, needed a better sewer system. Everyone

knows that. The party was for cast iron pipe and the opposition was for asbestos pipe. So what's the difference? One kind of pipe is best for one kind of ground; the other is best for another kind of ground. The town's got both kinds of ground; what's the shouting all about?

No, take it from an expert. Davey McEwen was the reason his father's party lost the election. Now you think he's too smart to do a thing like that. Sure he's a smart lad. And honest as his dad. And as decent to boot. Yes, sir, and just because he's smart and honest and decent is the reason the party got licked. You're talking to a man who knows.

You might not think so if you didn't know him very well, but Davey McEwen likes girls and the girls like Davey. For a politician—which he is, yes sir—Davey is a quiet lad. He's a thinker-type and you know that physically he's sort of a string bean with shoulders. But all the same, there's something about him, maybe you'd call it a kind of old-fashioned charm. . . .

Well, anyway, into Davey's Amer-



ican history class at school one day strolled a substitute professor. A young woman named Mary Arp. Recognize the name? That's right. The sister of Mayor-elect Arp, the darling of the opposition.

Miss Mary Arp was a lovely young thing who'd been a student herself not too long before. She also was an intellectual. She couldn't have hit Davey harder if she'd used a shovel. He was caught between her natural attributes and her political affiliation. A terrible predicament for a boy. Terrible.

Miss Arp—what a name for a pretty girl—knew more political theory than anyone since Thomas Jefferson. Davey's knowledge was all practical, passed on to him by his father, and his professor's ideas were a revelation.

There was one idea in particular that she plugged. She'd stand up in front of the class, all slim and sweet and black eyes burning, and say, "Democracy depends on the responsibility of every citizen to exercise his franchise." Another of her theories had to do with the necessity of an informed electorate: "The people must know the facts."

This is pretty high-powered stuff; for a boy with talents and brains like Davey's, it's like living on pure oxygen. And with Mary Arp encouraging him our young friend took it in big gulps.

The day came, however, when the regular history teacher returned and Miss Arp took her theories elsewhere. It was a real jolt to Davey, not just her going but doing it without even saying good-by or showing

any sadness to the class—himself in particular.

IT wasn't long after that, however, when her brother announced his candidacy and Davey's party loyalty came to the fore. And about the same time too he began to take special note of a cute little girl who was in the class.

But this is just how honest and decent a lad this young McEwen is. Hurt as he was by Miss Arp's departure and her political connections, he still admired her ideas. The more he admired them, the more they seemed right to him and the more he wanted to try them.

"How important is it that every qualified citizen vote?" he asked his father one night.

"Extremely," said Henry McEwen.

"How significant is an informed electorate?"

"Highly," replied his unsuspecting father.

And then Davey went from the theoretical to the practical. He asked an ominous question, the question that killed us, sir.

"How can you inform the public and get them out to vote?"

"Organize," his father answered, smiling fondly.

"I thought so," Davey said.

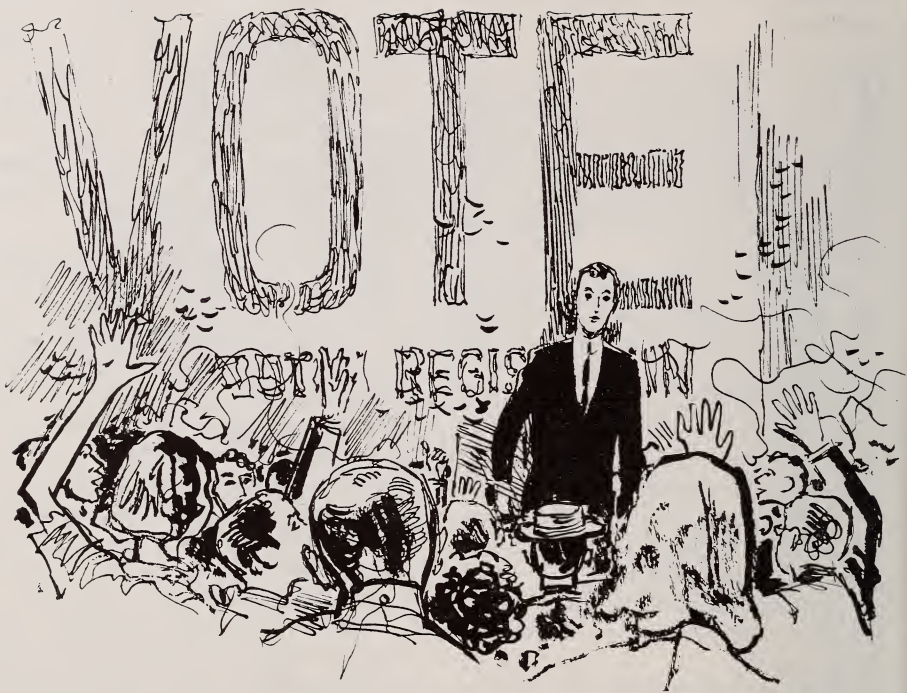
Well, sir, that's how it began. Davey got the student government at school to appoint a committee; the committee's job was to get students to encourage their parents to vote. His new girl friend worked on the student paper, so the paper ran a series of stories on graduates who'd gone into politics. Another com-

mittee was organized by the faculty and student body together to study and publicize election issues. Then Davey engineered the merging of both committees into a kind of independent, non-partisan political organization. That non-partisan league. That was a danger signal right there, only nobody noticed it.

All this business got people steamed up. Kids began talking about politics at home and got their dads and mothers interested. Public meetings were held at school. There wasn't a neighborhood that didn't have an election coffee hour. The party—both parties—had their hands full providing speakers and then making sure the speakers wouldn't choke on a question some sharp kid would try to slip in. It got mighty hot sometimes, yes, sir.

The payoff was election day, when it came to voting. Davey had transportation organized by blocks. When commuters got off the trains coming home at night, there were as many as twenty-seven—yes, sir, twenty-seven—jalopies lined up at the station at one time to take them to the polls. The ladies of the families had been transported there hours before. Do you know that one kid whose mother was going to the hospital to have another child persuaded her to stop and vote on the way? Yes, sir! Fantastic! Woman had twins.

That was quite a day. May there never be another like it. You could sense that things weren't normal. After so many nice, peaceful elections, it's kind of hard on old-timers to see so much excitement. Every-



where you'd go, someone would ask, "Have you voted yet?" The police had to break up a couple of fist fights about sewer pipe. It was worth your life trying to cross a street near a polling place, traffic was that bad.

Things like that make a man uneasy. You don't know why, but you worry.

WELL, the party—the ward captains and the committee people and all the old stand-bys—got together at headquarters at the fire house when the polls closed. You remember it, a big, old room in yellow pine, with a ceiling so high you

can fly a kite in it. The walls decorated with photos of volunteer fire companies and mayors and chiefs of police for years back. Lots of happy memories there. Speeches. Victory celebrations. Still a hole in the ceiling made when a good party man got too excited and happy and shot off his Civil War pistol.

But that night, that was a sad one. You could tell as soon as the returns started coming in. More people voted than ever before, almost twice as many if you'll believe it. Dangerous for the party in power always, particularly if it's been in power for a long time.

It wasn't that all the debating

and fact-finding and information-gathering harmed us. Our record was pretty clean, and our stand on the issues was just as honest and progressive as the other party's. But you know how it is—the office-holders are blamed for everything that's gone wrong the last twenty years, and folks tend to think that somebody else ought to get a chance at running the government. Then, too, there were a lot of new folks in town and we didn't know until this election how they'd vote.

Yes, a sad night. We lost.

Well—maybe not too sad. You heard what happened? What those kids did?

Well, sir, it was all over, and the more the party talked about it, the more the folks knew what had caused it. Henry McEwen knew it, and Davey did, too.

"We've lost, Davey," Henry said.

Davey shook his head in his serious way. "Dad, I'm—well, I guess I'm sorry. I didn't think things would work out like this. But they were the right things to do, weren't they?"

Before Henry McEwen could

answer, there was a roaring of motors outside and then the blasting of auto horns. From down on the street came a chanting.

Someone opened windows to look out and the sound rushed loud into the room: "McEwen. We want McEwen. McEwen. We want McEwen!"

The street was jammed with cars and the cars were jammed with kids.

A pounding reverberated up the wooden stairway and the door gave way before a crowd of shouting, bright-eyed, sweated and jacketed young maniacs. At their head stood the girl who'd helped Davey forget Miss Arp.

"McEwen! McEwen!" they shouted, and then they were gone with their captive.

Henry McEwen looked around at his followers. "Who's to say they weren't the right things to do?" he asked gently.

Nobody answered. Certainly not me. Not when that girl friend of Davey McEwen is my daughter. No, sir. ■ ■

AL SMITH'S DILEMMA

The late Alfred E. Smith was a devout Catholic, but he never lacked for a sense of humor. One chilly morning, after a late party in a hotel in the Adirondacks, he and several other Catholics rose to attend early mass. All around them they could hear their Protestant friends snoring loudly. Turning to his companions, the Governor spoke up: "Wouldn't it be awful if it turned out that these heretics were right after all!"

—James Aldredge

WHAT LIFE HAS TAUGHT ME

Happiness Comes Through Work

By Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery

WE MUST learn that we gain far more satisfaction from doing something which benefits others than something which only benefits ourselves. We all learn as we grow older that we cannot expect always to take and never to give. Many of our fathers and forefathers gave their lives that we might live in the pleasant lands where our homes lie. We must see to it that we also are ready to give something of our life to the great destiny that lies ahead.

The phrase also reminds us that happiness will not be found purely in the search for enjoyment. True happiness is a frame of mind, and it comes from achievement through work. The greater the achievement, the more effort and hard work it needs—the greater happiness it will give us.

Remember what you have been taught about right and wrong, and stick to what is right when you are tempted to do what you know is wrong. Be truthful. Be honest. Be unselfish. Seek happiness through achievement, which results from hard work. Be adventurous in spirit. These are guideposts for all men and women of character. ■ ■

"We Love"

By Konrad Adenauer

THE name of the town of Louvain awakes solemn and tragic memories in us. On January 10, 1958, an honorary doctorate of Louvain University was conferred on me, the German Federal Chancellor, at the same time as on the former French Premier Robert Schuman. Louvain University has twelve thousand students. It made a deeply moving impression on me to see the enthusiasm with which thousands and thousands of students welcomed us in the streets of Louvain. I was deeply moved when in the great hall of the University its President referred to the past in his speech before an audience composed of people from all walks of life and districts in Belgium,

saying in a voice trembling with emotion, "We do not say in the manner of Plato: we forget; we say in Christian charity: we love!" The whole large assembly was moved to the core. I have never heard a more moving avowal of faith in the future of Europe than that which was made in the assembly hall of Louvain University.

The union of Europe has an importance far beyond the frontiers of Europe, for a united Europe will always do its part to keep freedom alive and maintain peace. This work for Europe which began in 1950 has in a comparatively short time produced a change in the relations between the European peoples such as no one would have thought possible ten years ago.

Actually it seems to me beyond the realm of possibility that the German people will ever again fall prey to nationalism and thereby cheat itself of every real chance to regain unity within a free and united Europe. Nothing could be more mistaken than to impute that the European movement is dead. ■ ■

FIRST FLIGHT

It stirs. It heaves. With trembling, pulsing roar
It scarce restrains its eagerness to soar.
Then gently, with majestic power and grace
It rises, swiftly flying into space.
The things of man grow small and disappear
Beneath the widening arc of atmosphere.
Translucent veils of misty smoke enshroud
This man-made bird that penetrates the cloud,
And glides above a white marshmallow sea
Into the realm of blue eternity.
In wondering awe our humbled souls respond
To the silent vastness of the great beyond.

—Mary Forbes Smith

THE BEAUTY FLAMES

The beauty of God is aflame in the world
For all who have eyes to see.
He sets his imprint on sunset sky swirled,
On gold autumn tamarack tree,
On delicate-spiralled chrysanthemum puff,
On nights full-flowered with stars . . .
With bright-hued abundance; oh, more than enough
For a hundred worlds such as ours.

—Jean Hogan Dudley



Her Goodwill bag ready, housewife telephones for it to be picked up.

Not CHARITY but a CHANCE

By Aubrey B. Haines

The concern of a crusading minister for working mothers and their children brought about this widespread service for handicapped persons

MILITARY families need not feel that used furniture and clothing they no longer need are excess baggage! Goodwill Industries will be glad to send their truck to pick up any items families wish to discard. The chances are that they can be repaired and put on sale. The proceeds help to hire handicapped persons who might otherwise not find jobs.

At Goodwill Industries partially blind workers, cardiac sufferers, mentally disabled or retarded persons, and others with hidden disabilities turn out an enormous amount of good work. This is partly due to the careful pacing and relative lack of pressure that the sheltered workshop affords.

Bill Schaab, left, counsels with one of Goodwill's employees.



Sometimes Goodwill hires an applicant who is altogether destitute, lacking even a place to live. In such cases room rent is advanced from a fund provided by the Goodwill Guild. Dispensed by a social worker, the fund may be called upon in a single month to reimburse workers for time lost at the clinic, to help pay for food, rent, or medical bills, or to meet an installment due on a pair of glasses or dentures.

The plant in Washington, D.C., is typical of the many Goodwill organizations found throughout America. When Mrs. Harry Thurston surveyed the tidied basement of her home, she was glad that the battered easy chair had gone into the Goodwill truck. The driver's helper, a man with one arm, was returning for the bag at her side when she remembered the doll. "I don't suppose you could use this," she said, showing the broken hand and the matted hair.

"Lady," the man replied, "Goodwill can use anything!" He put the doll into the bag and turned away. Repaired by skilled hands, the doll became part of an exhibit at the Doll Tea. Ever since 1939 this annual fall event has been sponsored by the Goodwill Guild, women's auxiliary of the Davis Memorial Goodwill Industries in Washington.

Named for its principal benefactor, Mrs. Anne Hubbard Davis, the Washington organization fills a particular need in an area with a minimum of light industry. Government offices long ago recognized the value of handicapped workers and gave many of them jobs. But oppor-

tunities for the seriously disabled worker are still limited. To these persons Davis Memorial offers employment and a chance to learn various skills.

"We have an annual turnover of one hundred per cent," says Executive Director W. Harold Snape. He estimates that half the people who leave the Goodwill find jobs elsewhere. Absenteeism, however, is no problem. "Nobody wants to stay at home," says Mrs. Dingle, registered nurse in charge of the health room. "Once I noticed that our maintenance man was not looking well, and I asked him to come to the office. He begged me not to take his temperature. 'If you do, you'll make me go home,' he said. I did, too. If I had allowed him to say, it might have meant hospitalization."

THE origin of Goodwill Industries goes back to the work of Edgar J. Helms, a Methodist minister who migrated from the Middle West to Boston in 1889. Assigned to Morgan Memorial Chapel in the south end, he began to sober up and delouse his derelict congregations. Then he turned the church into a day nursery, where working mothers could leave their children. Before this mothers had simply locked the children up in a tenement room for the day or allowed them to play in the streets.

At first Dr. Helms begged food and clothing for his people through the pulpits of colleagues who had more prosperous congregations. However, much of the clothing that came in needed repair. Furthermore, the most completely unemployed

group in his neighborhood consisted of elderly women. Thereupon Dr. Helms organized church sewing bees among these women. Where possible, he sold their renovated apparel for a few cents and gave the money to his poverty-stricken seamstresses.

Here the simple workings of Goodwill Industries were begun. By 1902 the Morgan Memorial Industries and Stores—as the Goodwill movement was originally called—were thriving concerns. Meanwhile Dr. Helms' idea spread to Brooklyn, the city that gave Goodwill its name. By the 1920's the movement had spread rapidly but not fast enough to suit Dr. Helms. Then he got \$1,000,000 from the Methodist Home Missions Board to found new Goodwill Industries where needed. In 1926-1927 Dr. Helms made a world tour, preaching Goodwill, which specialized more and more in service to handicapped persons. To this work Dr. Helms devoted the rest of his life, living until 1942.

Today Los Angeles has the largest Goodwill plant. In 1957 the Los Angeles organization did more than \$1,774,000 worth of business and hired 645 persons. Goodwill workers are enthusiastic about being on the job. Lost time means lost pay, but not the economic factor alone keeps the worker on the job. Home is an unexciting place compared with Goodwill Industries. From chapel service at 8:15 in the morning until the workers leave at five in the afternoon, there is always something new to be seen, worked on, or talked about. Luncheon in the cafeteria is something not to be missed.



Though without hands, this man manages to repair shoes.

EVERY time you make a donation to Goodwill of goods that you no longer need, you help to employ handicapped persons. They take the clothing, shoes, furniture, household appliances, toys, or books and put them in good working condition. Furthermore, local manufacturers donate slightly damaged or imperfect goods as do stores that carry over unsalable items.

An interesting result that the opening of a Goodwill store has on the poor neighborhoods, where they are usually located, is a promptly increased church attendance. For the first time these parishioners are able to blossom forth in presentable Sunday clothes!

Men's sport coats often sell for \$1.75, cotton blouses for twenty-five cents, and freshly trimmed spring hats for forty-five cents. Repaired gas ranges at the Goodwill

store usually bring in thirty-five dollars apiece. Furniture is expertly reupholstered with new materials by Goodwill's skilled workers. A living room suite which would look well in anyone's home runs to around \$165.00.

One Goodwill worker in Boston, sorting incoming material, was an artist down on his luck. Going over some pictures, he found a painting that excited him. Unless he was badly mistaken, the picture, though in bad condition, was a portrait of a doge by Gentile Bellini. Experts agreed that it was authentic. When a search for the former owner proved fruitless, Goodwill sold the painting to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts for \$20,000 with the understanding that it could buy it back at the same price if the owner ever claimed it.

When the restored picture went on exhibition, all the Boston newspapers carried the news and photographs. Three days later the original donor, who had been unaware of

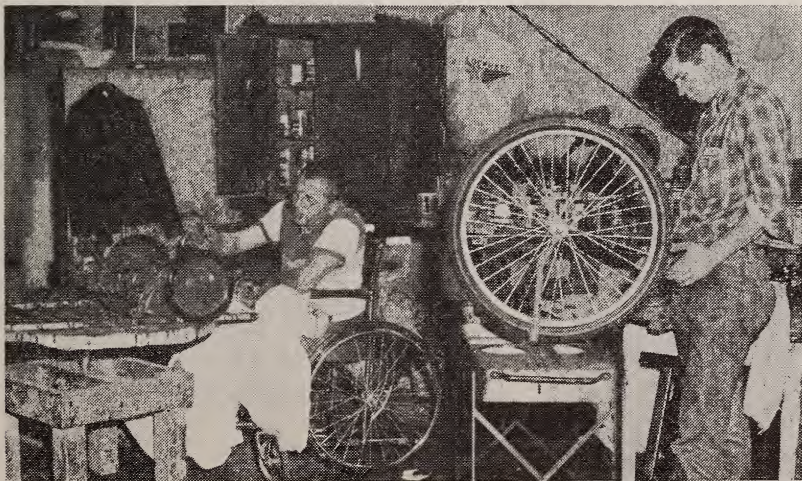
the painting's value, made herself known. But she was so impressed with the work Goodwill was doing that she insisted Goodwill keep the \$20,000!

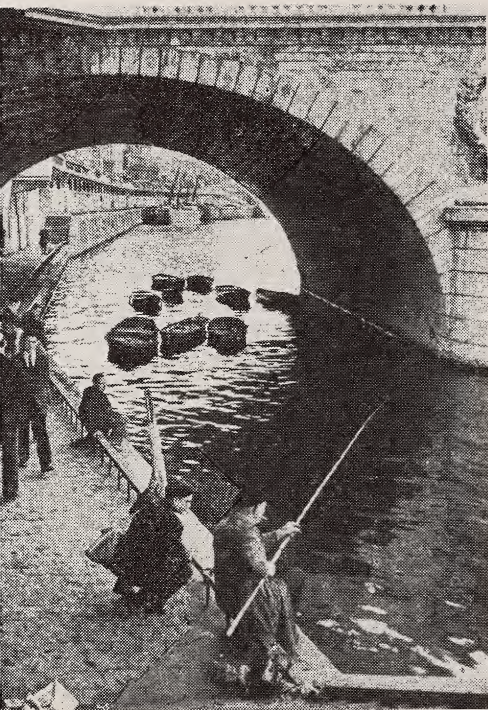
After the week's work is done, Goodwill employees seek recreation, which each plant provides in the way of frequent parties, picnics, and hayrides. Dayton furnishes motion pictures free to handicapped persons every Wednesday night. On Christmas the National Cash Register Company gives a party with big orchestras and imported vaudeville acts. Dayton, Los Angeles, Detroit, and Milwaukee Goodwills have their own large choirs.

Many persons who come to look and remain to buy at Goodwill are unaware of the meaning of the store. They scarcely realize that what they purchase has a value not to be reckoned in money. For, coming from Goodwill, it has upon it the glow of hands that wanted and were given not charity but a chance.



These two workers repair toys in Goodwill Industries, Los Angeles.





QUIET SEINE. In its shadow fishermen try to coax dinner from its sulking waters. Haven for artists and fishermen.

Picturesque gendarmes of Paris.



Tour of Exciting France

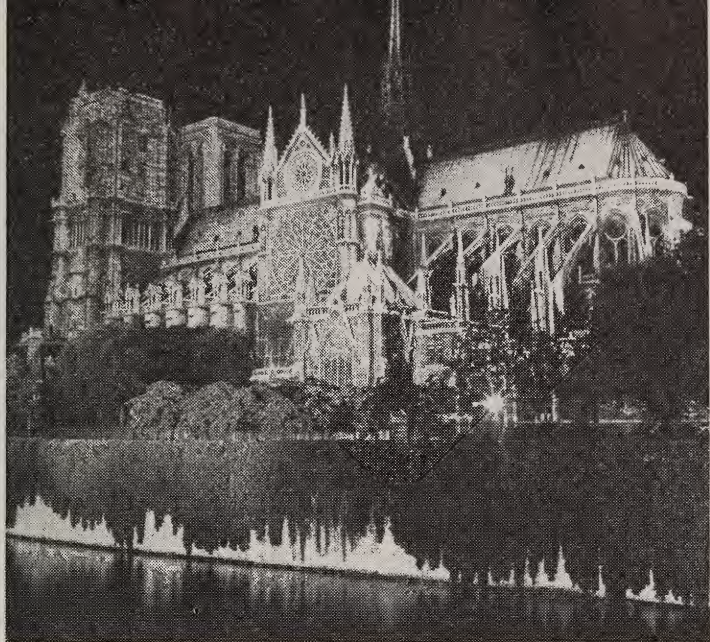
By Dale Whitney

WHOEVER said "An American in Paris" needed money to have a whale of a time in the world's most exciting city might have been right—but I couldn't agree less!

Why, if you have eight cents in your pocket you can buy thirty French francs and with thirty francs you buy a Metro ticket to the Etoile, and to all of Paris!

Once you have gazed at the Arc de Triomphe in silent awe, and at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, from the Etoile you may take the Metro, an intricate underground transportation system, in any number of directions.

Perhaps this time you ride the Metro to Luxembourg where there is no charge for walking through gardens of roses and yellow daffodils. Or you ride the Metro to the Butchers' Market where a bowl of onion soup with crusted bread and



NOTRE DAME Cathedral at Night. Many public buildings are lighted during most of the months of the year, but always from March to November. Paris is known as the city of lights.

thick cheese (truly a meal in itself) will cost you less than fifty cents.

A day at the Louvre—home of the world's greatest and most priceless art collection—costs no more than twenty cents, and there is that architectural monstrosity, the Tour Eiffel, with its sky-high elevator, where a ride to the top for a view of all Paris costs you about seventy-five cents.

There is no charge for looking in at the art galleries and shops along the narrow cobblestoned streets leading to the hill of Montmartre dominated by the white dome of Sacre-Coeur, and the cafes of Montparnasse serve coffee and coca cola for ten cents and a piece of chocolate pastry costs about the same.

Nor is there a charge to see the Palais Royal, the Hotel de Ville, which is no hotel at all but the city hall, the Chateau at Vincennes, the Bois de Bologne and its parks and lakes and children jumping hoops, the Jardin des Tuileries with little sailing boats, the Flea Market, the bird market, the flower market.

A Metro takes you anywhere, everywhere, for only eight cents. The wear on shoe leather will cost you more, but you have now walked through the beautiful Paris parks, become a part of the avenues that glow with a special brand of excitement, and noticed the wide boulevards crowded with pretty girls and wondrously clipped poodles. And you have seen the *rues* and *shops*

des couturiers and chic Paris fashions and colorless antiques and gay flower stands and appetizing food carts and sad-eyed souvenir vendors.

Lovable Rogue of Paris

But then, it comes upon you without warning. Until now, Paris has been many things; the Eiffel Tower, the Champs Elysees, the Cafe de la Paix, and tourists, hundreds of tourists, all variations of yourself.

Then, one day you cross the Seine and the bridge's end deposits you on the Left Bank, at the foot of Boulevard St. Michel, and suddenly you've changed worlds—but still you don't have to spend money.

For this is the heart of the Latin Quarter, the gateway to Bohemia. This is the quarter of the students—African princes, Arab nationalists, Oriental scholars, Scandinavian *Jeune filles*, French intellectuals and a scattering of Americans.

This is the part of Paris where you'll use all your Gallic phrases and frantically learn some new ones, for in this melange of students French is the common denominator. This is the Paris few tourists see. This is Paris at its best.

But in addition to the student world, the Quartier Latin is the home of Paris' Metro worker, the little shopkeeper, the entrepreneur of a tiny restaurant. He has lived in the quarter all his life, and his children will grow up here and make it their home.

It is this lure of the past and future, the confidence of tradition and the fads of the young, the vibrancy

without intensity that you feel as you gaze up the wide Boulevard St. Michel and along the quays.

The cafes are filled and buzzing, bookstores entice you to browse, and the young girl passing by with a notebook tucked under her arm, wearing a short, straight skirt, her long hair free, has a walk no American coed could ever duplicate.

Walk along the quay on the left to the tiny bookshop across from Notre Dame. Le Mistral is its name, but after a visit or two it will become George's, for its owner is George Whitman of Boston, with his old tweeds and scraggly gnome-like beard.

You wonder why you didn't grow a beard before you came to Paris so you could be a Left Bank *bohemia*. "One day," you tell yourself, "I'll return here and try my luck as an artist, or a writer or a student or . . ."

Your eyes open wide and you are staring at boys wearing blue jeans and Apache sweaters, long hair and goatees, and girls wearing the same except their long hair is piled high and messy, loose strands falling over an eye, touching a nose. Black eyes are painted blacker with heavy pencil and cheeks and lips are pale white. They are sitting at the same cafe where you are drinking a coffee *noir* and one of the girls is wearing a man's hat, acting the part of George Sands to the hilt, like the others, walking about as if it were perfectly natural to make somewhat a spectacle of one's self—and in Paris, you guess maybe they're right.



Deep blue sea water penetrates inland to Cassis, a fishing port, full of color and wild, beautiful landscapes.

Only, now you realize your wanting to be a Left Bank artist was ridiculous. You know that other Americans do belong to this world of Left Bank bohemians—a world away from reality, away from . . . Suddenly you feel like praying—meditating and praying—that God will give you a heart of understanding—of all peoples of the world.

You glance at your watch. It is late. There is no time to walk back across the bridge to your hotel so you dash for the Metro and pull out an eight-cent ticket. You've got to hurry because you did spend money in Paris after all! You have a ticket to hear the opera *Carmen* and you don't want to be late.

NO matter how much you have learned to love Paris there are times when you wish every songbook and travel brochure about France



A farmer picks olives in one of the groves near Grasse. In this fertile region, olives, oranges, and other fruits are abundant; and the fields are fragrant with wild flowers.



Grasse is famous as a perfume making town, and the surrounding slopes are covered with fragrant lavender if it is Spring. Young girls of Grasse gather flowers for the perfumeries.

could be gathered into one inflammable heap and put to the torch. Maybe then the tourist would discover that there's something more to this marvelous country than its *capitale*.

You have only to drift a few miles south of Paris when you come across the Valley of Loire. This is France's most famous region of castles and fortresses, and at night, many a storied royal chateau is spectacularly illuminated. As a matter of fact, from May through October you'll find travel agencies offering special night tours from Paris to view magnificent Chambord and Chenonceaux and five dozen other chateaux ablaze with lights.

The Province of Lorraine is especially blessed with these chateaux. Chateau, incidentally, means "castle." Most of them, however, were built after the days when a castle had to be a fortress as well as a home, and they are for the most part the extravagant, spacious "country homes" of the later kings of France and the more powerful nobility. Incidentally, you'll enjoy visiting the castles far more if you take the time beforehand to read about their history.

You can spend one day visiting only a few of the castles, or days seeing them all. For the Valley of the Loire stretches along the Loire River, through cool green woods, under rickety wooden bridges, becomes plateaus where sheep graze, and villages where farmhouses cluster around tall church steeples; it is grasslands and meadows and low country and highlands.

There is architectural wonder to each chateau, and each castle has its special beauty, its own charm. Some of them are children of the fancy of the fifteenth-century Italian Renaissance; others are true Norman fortresses. Chambord is as near a "gingerbread" castle as one could build. It contains 440 rooms, 13 large staircases, and stalls for the reception of 1,200 horses.

And so it goes, in the Valley of the Loire, medieval castles casting reflections of their romantic story-book past, startling tourists from the New World with their age, their size, their variety and their history . . . all to be enjoyed by the one who seeks to find!

North of the Cote d'Azur in the highlands Provence the traveler sees unusual customs as this man and pretty girl riding a horse together, their only means of transportation.





The magnificent Palace of Chenonceaux was given as a gift by King Henry II to Diane de Poitiers. A lovely garden surrounds the chateau.

FROM the Valley of the Loire you return to Paris and take a train to the Provence. The train trip is pleasant and you see much of the French countryside. You have reached the blue Mediterranean and at Marseille you board a motor coach with two bus drivers, a hostess, a refreshment bar, a radio that is out of order, and all the modern sanitary conveniences of home. More than once you hold your breath as your driver stops the bus sharply on a narrow, winding lane, to allow donkey carts and flocks of sheep to pass.

The Côte d'Azur stretches along the Mediterranean of the Provence, from Marseille to Menton and the Italian riviera. High mountains protect it from cold winds, and much of the Provence, especially the Côte d'Azur, has become Europe's paradise-playground twelve months every year.

Your bus passes clusters of colorful houses, villages clinging to sharp peaks, and slopes stretching to the sea covered with tropical flowers; orange and olive groves, cactus and eucalyptus, rose gardens, bougainvillea and mimosa. At Cassis, a sleepy little fishing village, you will have your lunch.

The three most famous resorts along the Côte d'Azur are: Cannes, Nice, and Monte Carlo. But the dyed-blonds at the roulette tables dripping in mink and the bikini-clad damsels of the bathing beaches are not the reason you had come to the Côte d'Azur, so you choose the route that follows the rocky coast from Marseille to St. Raphael, then inland to Grasse, the "city of perfumes." You had read that here there are lovely lake resorts, beautiful mountain scenery, and picturesque village people and customs that are unusual.

Since you are in no hurry to get anywhere you decide to pass the night, and the next day, at Saint-Tropez, a village so fantastic in color, with its labyrinth of winding streets, flowered patios and Romanesque cathedrals, that it inspired such painters as Bonnard and Matisse.

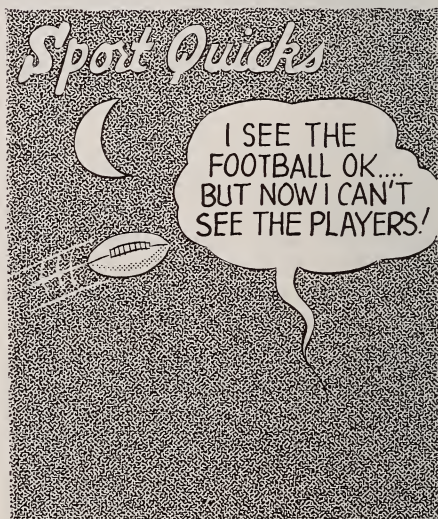
A few miles beyond Saint-Tropez is St. Raphael. Here you decide to spend another two delightful days enjoying the sea, and visiting a cluster of little resorts that are set in the bays and creeks along the Corniche d'esterel . . . twenty-five miles of rugged coast and magnificent landscape. These little resorts offer so much beauty, wonderful swimming beaches and clean inexpensive hotels, that you can't understand why the tourists all flock to Cannes and Nice. They can have as wonderful a time along Corniche d'esterel, and spend less!

The picturesque little city of Grasse is dominated by a cathedral dating from the twelfth century. It is situated on terraces which extend to the Mediterranean, and is surrounded by Alps where sheep graze. The fertile slopes and plains grow olives, oranges and other fruits, and acres upon acres of flowers that cause Grasse to be world famous for its perfumeries. You spend a day here touring the perfumeries, and photographing the people.

From Grasse your bus returns to the riviera Côte d'Azur and follows the coast eastward to Cap Ferrat, a jewel of a city. One of the most beautiful promenades in the world is to walk for miles along the blue

Mediterranean here and see the little fishing towns, many which have resorts with modern hotels, others with small pensions. In the distance to the north can be seen high peaks, probably in Switzerland, peaks that are glittering with snow in the Mediterranean sun.

When you have reached Menton your journey along the Côte d'Azur has ended, and so has your lovely trip through France. But there is no cause for sadness—you'll be back! ■ ■



Back in 1922, Coach Spears of West Virginia had a problem. At practice sessions he found it virtually impossible to instruct his football team in all that he had planned for the session before darkness fell. Can you guess what he did? Yes, he painted the football white so the players could see it. Bright idea, eh?

Sign on Route 101, in eastern Conn.: "Antiques of the Past, Present and Future!"—*New Yorker*.

Boomerang!

Saturday's Letter

By Lesley Smith

AND there I was in this bombing meet," Lieutenant Alex Barnes was saying, "with enough points to win on that one bomb, and the silly thing was hanging down by the rear shackle, fully armed, and it wouldn't come loose for . . ."

"Oh, shut up!" Lew Danner, his roommate, exploded. "Here I am trying to concentrate on packing to go to my wedding and all you do is fly airplanes!"

"Well, at least I don't try to fly 'em two or three at a time," Alex pouted, "like you do girls."

"You had your hearing aid turned off, old man. I just told you I'm going to my wedding. And I'm only marrying one girl."

"No foolin'," Alex bantered "Which one?"

"Sylvia!"

"Sylvia? You mean the one over in Hammond? You haven't even mentioned her for months."

"Yeah, but I've been thinking about her."

"Have you told her yet?"

"We've had an understanding for a long time."

"If she really understood you, you wouldn't have the chance of a snowball in a blast furnace."

"All I need is you for a press agent, and I wouldn't ever do anything but fly airplanes—like you do."

"What," Alex wanted to know, "about Jo Ellen?"

"I wrote her a letter Saturday. That's why I waited till today to sign out on leave. I didn't want to start to Sylvia until I was sure Jo Ellen knew."

"Knew what?"

"Knew I'm going to marry Sylvia, knothead! I told you that about three minutes ago."

"Oh, that. I figured you had changed your mind by now."

"Be serious for one time in your life, will you?" Lew pleaded. "I wrote Jo Ellen this letter Saturday. 'Dearest Jo Ellen,' I began . . ."

"Lots of people start letters that way," Alex muttered.

"I said be serious, callow youth. I am trying to give you the benefit of my experience so that if ever you do speak to a girl . . ." Lew fished a battered piece of paper out of a dresser drawer and shoved it close to Alex's face. "Here, read it for yourself. I saved a copy. Had to try about four times before I could get it written."

Alex took the letter and unfolded his lanky form on the narrow bed across the room. "I'd better not try to take this standing up."



October 22

Dearest Jo Ellen,

I realize that what I am going to say may come as a shock to you, but I feel that I can no longer, in good conscience, put off saying it. We have been good friends. But the situation in which I find myself at the present moment tends to make anything more than friendship between us impossible for now and for the future. I have told you many times that I love you, and I know we both have, for a long time, felt that we would sometime be married. But I have found, Jo Ellen, that the love I have, and will always have, for you is not the kind on which marriages and homes are founded. The love I feel for you is more of companion-

ship, and I will always be grateful for the many hours of happiness your companionship has brought me.

I have found the kind of love that a man needs for the fulfillment of his soul. It has been given to me by someone you do not know. Her name is Sylvia, and we are to be married next week. If you ever meet her I am sure you will be as good friends as I hope you and I remain.

Ever yours,

Lew

"I do believe you are serious, Lew." Alex sat up on the edge of his bed. "But let me be serious now. It's been six months since you've seen Sylvia. You haven't written her; she hasn't written you. You don't even know for sure whether she's

still in town. Hadn't you better phone or something?"

"She's still there. The way she sighed when we said good-by that last time." He came over and put a hand lightly on his roommate's shoulder. "You wouldn't know, lad, and how can I tell you? But she'll be there."

There was a large banging as the door of their room burst open. "Open up in the name of the post-man!" It was Tink Angell, who lived across the hall. "Mail clerk asked me to deliver this pronto. Figured a letter for Lew with a femmy-nine handwriting was important."

Lew's heart fluttered like a wobble

pump as he recognized Sylvia's smooth, even lettering on the envelope. He ripped it open, stared hard at the delicately perfumed paper, and sat down loosely on his bed. For a moment he looked like he was going to be sick, then he looked like he was thirty thousand feet without oxygen. He held the letter out before him uncertainly.

Alex took the letter out of Lew's hand. He noticed the date. Saturday, October 22.

Dear Lew,

Congratulate me, old friend!
Dick Jourdan and I were married a week ago Sunday . . .



THE NAME'S NOT THE SAME

Coach Duckey Pond was whipping his Yale football team into a purple lather before the Harvard game:

"When you go out on that field, I want all you men to remember that you are playing for YALE! 'Y' is for youth, and you all have that—but it isn't enough by itself. 'A' is for ability, when you add that to youth, you are started on the right track. 'L' is for loyalty, pure loyalty to your dear old school. And 'E' is for effort—when you put them all together you have YALE—and victory."

As the team was running through the tunnel, one big tackle was heard to remark:

"Boy! I'm sure glad we are not playing for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology."

—Gene Longtine



The First Thanksgiving

THE water was too shallow to land the boat. But the harbor was well sheltered, and it looked like the kind of landing place they were seeking.

"Bring her alongside that rock!" said Captain Miles Standish.

The tiny boat, its mast split in three places, turned its side to the grey December sea and drifted up against the great boulder. The intrepid Standish stepped over the gunwale and planted his foot on the New England granite.

The boulder was—Plymouth Rock.

For the Pilgrims, it was the end of the beginning.

Behind lay persecution, exile—and the momentous decision to seek religious freedom in the uncharted New World. Ahead lay hardship, death—and immortality.

It was four days before Christmas when Standish and his small group of men went ashore at Plymouth. They returned to the Mayflower, anchored off Provincetown, with the good news that a site for the new settlement had been found.

On December 26 the Mayflower, braving high wintry winds, made a successful passage into Plymouth Harbor.

The Mayflower had set out for America on September 16, 1620,

with 102 passengers. On November 19, land was sighted. A few days later the Pilgrims met in the cabin of the ship and drew up the famous "Mayflower Compact," established themselves as a civic body under a government of law. It is one of the great documents in mankind's search for freedom.

The Pilgrims' first winter is a tragic—and precious—page in American history. In *The Story of the Pilgrims*, a popular historical booklet series (available through John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company), the group's sufferings are described. "Before the winter was over, half the entire band had perished of disease, hunger, and exposure."

The dead were buried on nearby Cole's Hill, and grain was sown over the burial plot to conceal from the Indians how many of the band had died. It was feared that this knowledge might embolden the Indians to make an attack.

Early in March the incredibly cold winter finally began to recede. On March 26 another hopeful event took place when Samoset, grand



sachem of the Monhegan Indians, entered the village exclaiming "Welcome!" Through him the Puritans became acquainted with Squanto, and these two Indians played an important role in the history of the Colony.

They told the Pilgrims to plant Indian corn "when the oak leaves are as big as mouse-ears," and to catch fish to fertilize the soil. Thus the seeds were sown for the first Thanksgiving harvest.

Twenty-one men and "six large boys"—the entire surviving able-bodied male working force of the colony—did the planting. They had no horses or other domestic animals.





The First Thanksgiving

With heavy hoes they broke the earth, and planted twenty acres of corn. Then they sowed six more acres with wheat, rye, barley and peas.

It was a warm and bright summer, and the crops grew and thrived.

WHEN autumn arrived, the three log warehouses were filled with provisions. By this time Plymouth Colony also boasted seven dwellings and a combined church and town meeting hall.

Not only did the Pilgrims enjoy a bountiful harvest, but the waters abounded with fish and the woods were filled with deer and wild turkey.

Governor William Bradford and the Plymouth Council deliberated gravely. It was fitting, they thought, to celebrate and give thanks for their good fortune.

The Pilgrims issued a formal invitation to Massasoit, grand sachem

of the Pokanoket Indians, to join them in a feast of Thanksgiving. Massasoit arrived with ninety of his followers and stayed for three days! There was a great round of entertainment and feasting.

As with all Thanksgiving Days since that first celebration at Plymouth, it was an occasion that combined gaiety with solemnity. The devout Pilgrims added prayers of thanks to their feasting.

The days of suffering, however, were not yet over. Famine was to come to Plymouth again in succeeding winters.

In later years, Governor Bradford wrote in his famous *History of Plymouth Plantation*: "Out of small beginnings greater things have been produced. As one small candle may light a thousand, so the light here kindled hath shone onto many."

He could not know that the light he helped to kindle would one day shine throughout the earth. ■ ■

Christmas Cards That Help Needy Children



THE UNICEF (United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund) Greeting Card program, sponsored by the United Nations Children's Fund, has grown from a modest beginning of 130,000 cards sold in 1950 to a worldwide sale of over fourteen million cards last year. Translated into UNICEF aid, the proceeds of the 1959 sales were enough to provide the DDT to protect six million children from malaria for a year, or the vaccine to immunize seventy-five million children from tuberculosis.

Most of the children of the world face a short life, a sick life, and a hungry life. Of the estimated one billion children in the world, about

750 million live in economically under-developed areas. Financed by voluntary contributions, UNICEF last year aided some fifty-five million children and mothers in more than 100 countries.

For supporters of the Children's Fund all over the world, UNICEF Greeting Cards have come to be accepted as a traditional way of contributing to its life-giving work.

Each year UNICEF offers among its designs a five-card series, illustrating themes from different parts of the world. We see on the left the one designed by Marc Chagall. All cards come with matching envelopes, ten to a box, and sell at \$1.25. An illustrated brochure is available at no charge from the U.S. Committee for UNICEF, Greeting Card Department, United Nations, New York.



Protestantism's Answer to an Age of Crisis

By Stanley I. Stuber

PROTESTANTISM, of all the religious faiths, is the best qualified to meet the challenge of this new dynamic and creative space age. It has the principles and the motivation to meet the new era into which we are now rapidly entering. It also has the manpower and the equipment. But whether it has the will and the courage to take leadership is another question. There is a good possibility that Protestantism may soon experience another "Reformation," related not especially to theology or ecclesiastism but to Christian ethics, Christian evangelism, and creative thinking.

An Age of Crisis

We all realize that today we live in a world of crisis. All about us are nations being born and being destroyed. The spirit of revolution is in the minds of men, and the result is violent action. Students are on the march. A vast armaments race is in progress. Fantastic space ships are on the launching pads. Conferences among nations fail and new ones are demanded. Nations threaten each other. And the United Nations tries desperately to keep the peace.

Along with the actual probing of space has come new attitudes, new dimensions of the mind, new problems. Man is now capable of doing things in space which only the science fiction magazines exploited yesterday. And along with rockets and space ships with all kinds of precision instruments which will report back particular information to the earth, there has arisen new problems for nations and for mankind itself. Instead of solving international problems, the atomic age has increased them. The problems which it has created are not little ones which can be settled at a conference table overnight, but problems of such a nature as will require the combined assistance of mankind to control and to solve. The salvation of the world itself is at stake.

Science alone cannot solve the crucial problems which now face the world. Nor can education or even governments. The crisis which we face is not merely one of physical control. It has moral and ethical and spiritual implications which require mature, creative religious insights. If the cold war is ever to be ended, if the racial question is ever to be adjusted, if the spirit of revolution is ever to be guided along constructive lines, then moral and spiritual forces must give creative leadership.

Christianity was born in a time of world crisis. It knows what totalitarianism is from firsthand experience. It has felt the cruel hand of persecution. It is aware of the attempt to enslave men's minds and souls. But it has faced all this, and much more, and has come out on top for freedom and truth and love. Paul puts it in these words,

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, "For thy sake we are being killed all the day long; we are regarded as sheep to be slaughtered."

No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. For I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord (Rom. 8:35-39).

Enemies of the Cross

In the New Testament we find the way to a new life—both personal and social. We find it in the words of Jesus, "Truly, truly, I say to you, unless one is born anew, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3:3). We find it in the words of the risen Christ, "Lo, I am with you always, to the close of the age" (Matt. 28:20). We find it in the Great Commission of our Lord, "Go therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you" (Matt. 28:19-20).

Now who are the enemies of the cross today? What national and international forces stand in the way of the expansion of Christianity? What great movements need to be converted to Christ? What attitudes need to be changed? We mention a few.

1. *A God of Things.* All around the world there are those who exalt material things. Like Esau they sell their souls for "a bowl of bean soup." Like the Rich Fool, they are anxious to pull down their barns and build larger ones, store up their grain and goods, and say to their souls, "You have ample goods laid up for many years; take

your ease, eat drink, be merry" (Luke 12:19). In our own country, too often we have forgotten God in our pursuit of material wealth. We have built up a gadget, push-button civilization, thinking that in *things* we would find an easier and easier way of life and would be satisfied. But to our dismay we find that *things* do not satisfy the deeper longings of the soul and we are restless and unhappy. Now we find ourselves manipulated by the "hidden persuaders"; we find more and more people becoming "status seekers," spending a lifetime trying to keep up with the Joneses.

2. *No God*. Then, there are those in our modern world who have completely left God out. We call them the secularists. They contend that you can explain everything by science, or by man's own ingenuity. Man got himself where he is. He did not need God, nor does he need him now. Unfortunately, at times this spirit gets into the church, and instead of calling men to judgment, the church puts its blessing upon riches and power and exalts beyond measure the human spirit. Thus, the church is used for secular ends!

3. *Dictator Gods*. One of the most devastating of the modern philosophies is that of totalitarianism. It may take the form of fascism, or Naziism, or communism, but in any case, it asks the total allegiance of an individual. It leaves no place for God. While individual religion may be allowed and churches may stay open they do so at great odds. They have no status in reality; they are like mistletoe—not an essential part of the tree.

4. *Communism*. While communism is a form of dictatorship—the will of a small minority is foisted upon the masses—this blight is so evil it deserves to be considered separately. Indeed, it is perhaps Christianity's greatest enemy in the modern world. Communism now holds sway over perhaps fifty per cent of the earth. And due to its lies and threats and terror, it continues to add to its forces those dupes who are attracted to it with its exaggerated promises and propaganda blasts. It may come in the quiet form of so-called agrarian revolution—as was so often said of the first days of communism in China; or in bullets and tanks and machine guns—as in the case of Hungary; but wherever it comes it brings its monopoly of power over the people. Wherever it comes, it dethrones the human spirit. Wherever it comes, it is anti-God and laughs at true religion. Without honor, it spreads through terror, through cruelty, through uprisings, through student demonstrations, through lies and deceit and ill will!

Indeed, in our day the great battle is between Christ and com-

munism—Christ and Karl Marx! And as Jesus said, “The sons of this world are wiser in their own generation than the sons of light” (Luke 16:8). But we have the gospel of salvation, we have the message of hope—why, oh, why, do we not proclaim it and live it, for it is the answer to communism with its lies and deceit!

5. *Dependence on Military Might Alone.* Undoubtedly there are those who believe that military might alone is all we need to fight communism! So we continue to build up our armaments and we trust in the power of the sword! Indeed, in the real world in which we live, we must maintain military strength sufficient to protect us from being overrun by godless communism. Even in the field of diplomacy, we stand to gain more for freedom and democracy if we negotiate from a position of strength. However, we must remember that this is a battle of ideas—a battle for the minds of men. That is why through peaceful means in the realm of the mind we must teach truth and human dignity and seek to convert the whole man to Jesus Christ—which means the mind as well as the spirit.

It is not enough to coerce the body; we must persuade the will. And often there our democratic way may seem to be less effective because it is slower. Contrast our way of dealing with our opponents and the communists! And we must be careful indeed that there is no miscalculation on the part of our enemies—or ourselves, for that matter—which might set off an atomic war, for that would be the end of civilization as we know it! Moreover, so far as defense is concerned, we must think in terms of using more and more the United Nations.

Protestantism's Special Contribution

Now what special contribution does Protestantism have to make at a time like this? Because of its history and particular emphasis we believe Protestantism has certain fundamental contributions to make to the world in crisis.

1. *Protestantism is the champion of freedom.* It has been foremost through the centuries in promoting freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of religion. It has been an advocate here in America of the separation of church and state, and was largely instrumental in getting the separation principle written into the First Amendment of the U. S. Constitution. It has insisted upon the open Bible and the right of the individual to interpret it as he is led by the spirit of truth.

The attitude of the open mind, of research and inquiry has been at the heart of the Protestant position. It has encouraged the seeking of knowledge and the cultivation of true scholarship. Its thousands of schools and colleges testify to the fact that Protestantism believes in education in a big way. And all this adds up to the ability and temperament necessary to keep abreast of the radical discoveries which are being made in the realm of science.

2. *Protestantism is the champion of the individual.* Every individual is of special worth in the sight of God, and therefore should be treated as a son of God by all mankind. The Protestant position is that no person falls so low that he cannot be saved, or that he is not worth saving. Moreover, the individual is not to be the slave of the state or the machine or the party; rather, the state, machine and political party should serve individuals.

This matter of individual worth also applies to race. No person is considered an outcast or a second rate citizen just because of his color, social position or place of national origin. People are different. They are not born equal. But all must be given equal opportunities to grow and to develop.

There is an idealism in Protestantism which sees the potential worth of every soul, and the many different churches of Protestantism reflect the belief that the kingdom of God is large enough for all classes and conditions of men. On the surface this may appear as a weakness, leading to many conflicting divisions. But in reality this claim to the rights of the individual is one of the greatest unifying factors of the Protestant cause. It does not insist that all believe or act alike, but only that they in love belong to the same brotherhood.

3. *Protestantism is the champion of moral responsibility.* It believes that the moral law not only applies to the individual, to marriage and to the family; it also believes that the moral law applies to the community, the nation, and to international affairs. It does not have a double standard—one for the Christian at home and another for the Christian at his business. It believes that there must be a moral consistency all down the line.

This insistence upon morality becomes more and more difficult as life among the nations becomes increasingly complicated. Protestantism points up the inconsistency of condoning cheating, lying, stealing as a nation when we condemn such practices as individuals. And what about the morality of business? Is it not right to live by the teachings of Christ in economic relations?

In our modern society, in order to gain and maintain a certain "status," many people feel they are forced to stretch ethics and the ordinary moral code all out of shape. Because of this, they are raising the question whether our so-called modern civilization is not costing us far too much in broken homes, frustrated lives, and dashed hopes. Protestantism, which still clings to the old-fashioned Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, has in its possession the saving salt of modern life. But it has the gigantic problem of putting into practice every day the principles it enunciates on Sunday.

4. *Protestantism is the champion of the Christian vocation.* It does not separate clergy and laity, but together they work at the calling into which God has led them. It places stress upon the possibility of serving God at the factory, as well as at the altar. And it is broadening its conception of stewardship so that it does not merely concern giving or even tithing, but reaches out into all phases of life. Stewardship now includes the Christian use of surplus goods, and the way our nation behaves in its dealings with others when it has the advantage of an economy of abundance.

The Protestant cause stresses the need for more *Christian* professional people; for more *Christian* scientists; for more *Christian* politicians; for more *Christians* who work overseas. Christianity cannot be shut up within a church building. True religion touches all phases of life. It therefore must take leadership out in the community, not to dictate or to denounce, but to challenge and create. The real Protestant is not one who is always playing a negative role; quite the contrary, he is one who, free of all bonds (except those of Christ), leads the way to a better and higher way of life.

5. *Protestantism is the champion of the search for truth.* It is not narrow, small, little. It is not confined to fixed patterns. It is not bound by creed or dogma. One of the great principles of the Protestant faith is that of seeking for the truth until it is found.

Therefore, Protestants are sympathetic with the scientific spirit. They fit in naturally with the spirit of those who seek intellectual adventure. They do not oppose new truth or new discoveries. In fact just the opposite is the case. Protestants want to know what is out in space and will be the first to explore the secrets of the unfolding universe. God is a great creative Being, and whatever is discovered in the heavens will be to his credit.

But to master outer space does not necessarily mean that we will,

as a consequence, master our inner lives. There is little connection between the two—until we, as Protestants, bridge the gap. This is part of our twentieth-century responsibility: to tie together the new discoveries in outer space with the inner life of man in such a way as will be of inestimable benefit to mankind. We must enlarge our inner lives at the same time we explore the heavens. For after all, the chief end of man is to glorify God in all his revelations. And if we are to do this adequately, and gloriously, our minds must be capable of comprehending the greatness of the Almighty.

6. *Protestantism is the champion of evangelism.* We may sum up all these things by recalling the purpose of the church. It is set here in a dark world with a message of light. As Jesus said, "As the Father has sent me, even so send I you" (John 20:21). Why did Jesus come into the world? What was his mission? Hear Jesus' own words in answer to these questions, "For the Son of man came to seek and to save the lost" (Luke 19:10). He came as the redeemer, as the light of the world, to bring men who had become estranged from God back to him. This is our mission, too. And wherever the gospel has gone and been proclaimed, men have turned to Christ and they have been saved. This is our very purpose of being—and we must never forget it.

Scattered as we Protestants are now over the whole earth, as military persons, as civilians, and ministers and missionaries, as laymen and laywomen, as young people, it is our opportunity to witness in many places and in many ways to the saving power of Jesus Christ through our words, through our attitudes, through our actions—indeed through our lives!

Nothing could bring a more dynamic power to the Protestant witness than the wholehearted consecration on the part of individual Protestant Christians wherever they are in all the world!

The Practical Approach

Protestants are a practical people, and the natural question is this—How are we ever going to be able to win this kind of world to Christ? Part of the answer to this leading question is to be found in the application of the distinctive Protestant principles already listed above.

Protestants, therefore, should:

- a) Make better use of mass communications.
- b) Strengthen the service programs of its churches.
- c) Cultivate the person-to-person approach.

d) Set an example both at home and abroad.

e) Support great Christian causes.

It is imperative that Protestantism get its basic principles over to the public. This constitutes a large part of modern evangelism. Besides, less stress ought to be placed on church building, and more on program building—service projects. This certainly must be done on a person-to-person basis, dealing with real people in their needs. Thus a demonstration will be established of what the Christian religion, when actually applied to life, can accomplish.

PROTESTANTS KNOW HOW TO FACE CRISIS

Protestants are not afraid of crisis. They were born out of a crisis, and they know that all real progress has at its heart a certain amount of crisis. Because Protestants feel at home in times of tension, they are probably better fitted than any other religious body to serve as guides in the successful mastery of crisis.

Protestants fully recognize the place of sin, and its consequences, in the life of the individual.

This makes for serious inner struggle.

Protestants also appreciate the fact that there is a constant conflict between the individual Christian and the world.

This makes for competition for the soul of mankind.

Protestants, because they belong to Jesus Christ, insist on putting the kingdom of God first.

Their loyalty is first of all to Christ, other persons or things follow after.

But Protestants, just as they can win the inner battle over sin through the Christ who strengthens them, also believe that the prayer of Jesus—"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven"—will be answered. The struggle may be long, and sometimes bitter, yet we have faith to believe that love and righteousness and freedom will ultimately win. *We will win, not because we are Protestants or because of our own strength, but because we are committed to Him and to His eternal principles.*

Wonderful Refugee Home in Vienna

By J. J. Hanlin

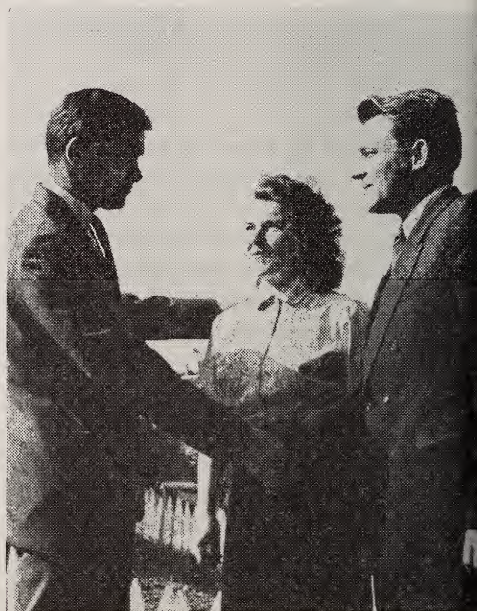
ELISABETH REICHLE, of Vienna, has devoted her life to making refugees feel at home in her apartment . . . not a few refugees, either, but hundreds of them.

A straight, easy-moving woman with gray-streaked hair, Mrs. Reichle is a former émigré herself from the countries communism now controls. Her father was born in Serbia and her mother in what is now Czechoslovakia. She is a product of the old Austro-Hungarian empire.

Helped by the Crusade for Freedom, she recognized early that the refugee is changing and she is looking ahead to the future which will bring new problems. Her greatest asset is her unsuspected humanity. Her day begins at seven or eight in the morning and extend well into the following morning. What is Mrs. Reichle doing?

Holding open house. If the communists ever return to Vienna, her friends will rush to close her massive door on Salesianergasse. But they will tug on the door in vain . . . for it will have warped fast in an open position from which it has not moved in years. She runs a home for humanity where anyone can wander freely in and out. Why does she concentrate on refugees?

Well, refugees of Vienna have changed today without giving notice.



At first refugees, such as this young Czech couple, need only bed and food; but gradually their tastes revert to normal.

They need her. They stand more erect than they did a year ago. But still they are starting from scratch and it is hard. They are no longer living in camps; they work now and they are earning a little money. I would say their average salary is about fifty dollars a month. Prices for food and clothing are about what they are in the United States.

Their problems today are like the problems of young people who move to a large city to take a job at the bottom of the ladder. Mrs. Reichle and others like her want to go on helping these refugees until they are able to lead well-adjusted lives. To do so they must keep up with the refugees and whatever changes take place, too.

A very high percentage of Vienna's twenty thousand refugees are intellectuals, artists, writers, journalists . . . people who live by the use of their intelligence and creative ability rather than with their hands. Most farmers, laborers and other manual workers are long gone from here. Refugees like these of Vienna would be inexpressibly forlorn if they were removed from the highly complex intellectual life of this city. They belong here intellectually and

spiritually. To uproot them might well be a mistake. You'll find similar intellectuals in Berlin, Munich, Zagreb, Budapest, Prague, Warsaw, Riga and other cities of Central and Eastern Europe.

What Mrs. Reichle is doing, either consciously or unconsciously, is creating an intellectual atmosphere in Vienna which should, like some slow process of accretion, like the growth of a glacier, expand through the Iron Curtain. Nothing can happen in Vienna that is not felt in the satellites despite the mine fields and barbed-wire fences.

LET us illustrate by considering an artist from Hungary. When he first came across the border a bed and food were all he needed. He moved into a refugee camp; but gradually his opinions and tastes

The activities of artists and intellectuals who have fled East Europe penetrate the Iron Curtain. Here, Barbara Waltzak, a Polish ballet dancer, reports her experiences to Radio Free Europe.



reverted to normal. He doesn't want to leave Central Europe, perhaps he loves Viennese music. The orchestras of Vienna and Budapest are much alike. But this man works in an office, lives in a small room and has no place to paint and no one interested, seemingly, to see that he does work.

But the Crusade for Freedom, through Mrs. Reichle, is interested. "My home is your home," she tells him. "You can work here; you can talk shop; you can exhibit here."

At the time of this writing, two Hungarian artists were exhibiting their work in Mrs. Reichle's salons. A ballet team was using the spacious larger salon to practice dancing. The Vienna Puppet Theatre, which is composed mostly of Hungarian exiles, store their material and rehearse. Piano recitals, plays, discussions, lectures, language classes and other intellectual and artistic activities are scheduled. Bulgarian and Rumanian Orthodox refugee priests use the apartment for their Sunday services.

The Communists, of course, are aware of this vast colony of refugee intellectuals and artists. Naturally, they are out to recapture them and re-direct any intellectual movement that might be formed. They would like to set up a fresh rebellion against the West . . . not an armed one here, but an intellectual rebellion. These are people far more influential than their numbers suggest.

Mrs. Reichle's most immutable enemy is time. The Eastern European legations have set up their

own cultural programs which are as much designed to recapture their lost intellectuals as they are to capture the Austrian. The refugee, frequently nervous and depressed from living in a small room and working at a job he feels is stupid and useless, visits these programs.

The Nansen House, as it is called, is also designed to help these refugees understand the West. Many of them have spent ten formative years under communism and cannot help being influenced by it.

The idea is that the Nansen House is not for refugees really . . . it is for people. The door is open to any Westerner; all he has to do is walk in.

"We want to destroy islands," she went on. "We want Hungarians to know not only Hungarians, but Bulgarians, Germans, Americans, Canadians, and Japanese. The other day I was watching the Bulgarians and Rumanians getting to know each other . . . this is excellent."

The Nansen House is Mrs. Reichle's home and she lives in it with her eighteen-year-old daughter, Elisabeth, and her seventeen-year-old son, Wolf. These young people bring their friends home and they mix with the refugees. At first, both groups are uneasy and eye each other with speculative contemplation. But gradually, the ice melts. . . .

"Soon they are friends together," she laughed. "Isn't it wonderful? It's really only one world, you know. And refugees aren't exactly refugees anymore . . . it's wonderful!"

It certainly is!



Letter to a Young Christian

On the Discipline of Love

IN this letter, I want to deal with the discipline of love. Jesus said that the two greatest commandments are to love God and love your neighbor as yourself (Matt. 22:37-39). Paul wrote that love is the greatest thing in the world (1 Cor. 13:13). The new commandment of Jesus is to love (John 13:34).

The word love has many meanings for us. The love we are talking about, the true basis of our personal relationships with others, is not physical attraction to another but an attitude of intelligent concern for others. It is based on the Golden Rule that we are to treat others as we would want them to treat us because we are all children of God. He has made us and gives us life. Just as Christ loved us and gave his life for us so we are to love one another and be willing to help others. It is the nature of love to give (John 3:16).

However this does not mean we are to be soft, weak and blind to the evil in others and in the world. We are to love the person but not always what he does. There are many times when I do not like the things my children do. But I never stop loving them as my children. Jesus knew the evil in man and strongly denounced it. Yet he also knew what a person could become by the power of God and he was concerned about the good of others. So Jesus never rejected a person because of who he was or what he did. He simply said "seek first the kingdom of God" and "go and sin no more." We may not like everyone but we are to be concerned about their welfare in God.

To love as Christ loves is to see others not only as they are but as what they can become by the power of God. Seeing others in this way we will want to forgive those who hurt us or wrong us (Eph. 4:32); we will pray for our enemies (Matt. 5:44)—that is for their coming to the truth and love of God as seen in Jesus, not their destruction; we will bless them (Rom. 12:14)—that is, ask God's favor

upon them and bestow upon them ourselves all of the kindness, happiness and good will we can; and we will help them (Rom. 12:20). This is not easy but Jesus never said it would be. We are to follow his example and trust he will give us the power to so love one another (Eph. 5:2). The best way to lose enemies is to make friends of them. This we can do if we seek to love others as Christ loves us.

Furthermore if we are seeking to love as Christ loves we will be patient with the weak (Rom. 14:1), (Gal. 6:1). We will not pass judgment on others (Rom. 14:10, 12). We will set a worthy example so as not to cause anyone to stumble (Rom. 14:13, 21). If we have anything against a brother we are to get it straightened out before we worship (Matt. 5:23). We are never to seek our own good at the expense of another (1 Cor. 10:24); we are to bear one another's burdens (Gal. 6:2); be truthful (Eph. 4:25); let not anger control us (Eph. 4:26); we are to have no self-conceit; we are not to provoke one another or envy others (Gal. 5:26).

At times this life of love will seem impossible but if we remember that this is the love Christ has for us it will help. Just as the more we exercise our muscles the stronger they become so the more we exercise this kind of love in our contacts with others the stronger we become in love.

The only hope for our world is that we who are Christians prove that faith in Christ makes it possible to live in peace and good will with one another; that we are all truly brothers in Christ; that he has died for the sins of the whole world (1 John 2:2); that in Christ all divisions are broken down and we can live in unity of love (Col. 1:17; Eph. 4:1-4). We therefore ought to love one another because God has shown his love for us in Jesus Christ (1 John 4:11). The kind of love we are to show to one another is best described in 1 Corinthians 13:1-13. Be sure to read this.

With all of the hatred in the world, with the seeds of distrust and suspicion sown by communism, with the divisions that exist within our own nation racially, socially and economically, there is certainly a desperate need for those of us who believe in Jesus Christ to demonstrate a love for one another which can break down and overcome all barriers, divisions and hatred. Only in this way can the prayer be fulfilled, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Sincerely in Christ,
Chaplain Harold L. Christmann

Christian Goal: A Changed World

By Ward L. Kaiser

**The Church and the World, with specific attention
to how the Church seeks to influence the World**

ONE thing is sure—things aren't what we'd like them to be. Ask any Democrat. Ask any Republican. Ask the rawest recruit in boot camp or the topmost brass in the Pentagon. You always get one answer: the situation could be better. The missile gap isn't the only one that counts—the grandfather of all gaps is the one that separates the world that is from the world that ought to be.

Hence our human restlessness, our unending desire to be better and do better. So *Life* magazine calls the nation to look soberly at its purpose, or lack of purpose; so playwrights and policemen and scientists and farmers and philosophers and diplomats and military men and statisticians and hosts of others tell us what they think is wrong and how to set it right.

Christians are among the most dissatisfied of men. Always have been. Since this world falls so far short of the ideal, which is God's kingdom, who can blame them for feeling uneasy, wanting something better?

Christian hopes for a better world are more than pious pipe dreams. Even when the Christian movement was only a baby, it made things happen. So much so, that its followers were called "these men who have turned the world upside down" (Acts 17:6).

It's like that today. Modern disciples may not wear sandals—or they may—and they may speak a thousand languages other than the Greek and Aramaic of New Testament times—but they still make a lot of difference in the world. Here are some of the ways Christians, through their churches, are seeking to change the world.

To Change Policies

Let's begin with the big problems. What about the man who says, "I don't see a missionary and a portable organ making much of a dent on the jet age or stopping a country from going communist" (Douglas Webster in *What Is a Missionary?*). Such skeptics may be Christians, but they just don't see that the church can have any in-

fluence, or perhaps that it ought to have any influence, on the big-scale problems of life. Personal problems, sure—let the church preach against whiskey and wild women, but steer it clear of the issues of war and peace and justice in society.

Well, Christianity doesn't split life into two neat halves—one marked "God's concerns," and the other marked "Political problems—God doesn't care about these."

Take international affairs as an example. Even here the voice of the churches is heard directly. The International Missionary Council and the World Council of Churches, two leading cooperative groups, have set up the Commission of the Churches on International Affairs. This agency interprets Christian opinion to persons in places of world leadership. Further, it witnesses to "the prayerful concern with which Christians around the world view the underlying moral issues in the fluctuating struggle for a more just and lasting international order" (*Memorandum on Selected Actions*, UN). The National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. also has its Department of International Affairs, which carries out an extensive program of education, currently focused on the area of World Survival and Peace.

On questions of nuclear energy and its uses—both peaceful and in the testing of bombs—the churches have spoken as the conscience of the people. Or, at any rate, as the conscience of some of the people. Obviously, the use of nuclear energy presents moral as well as military

problems, so the place of Christian witness in determining policy is growing more important every day.

In Congress, too, the churches are accustomed to stating their convictions. A number of Protestant denominations have exercised their freedom to stand against peacetime military conscription. Christian groups have invariably supported the mutual aid program.

In addition to providing urgently needed training for military services, the churches also have supported the non-military use of American young people in the underdeveloped areas of the world. For example, Congressman Henry Reuss of Milwaukee introduced to Congress, in January of this year, a bill (H.R. 9635) that would provide for study of how qualified American youth could choose to serve their country and the world in vast underdeveloped areas abroad through direct civilian service to people. Said the *Christian Science Monitor* of this proposal: "One of the best ideas yet devised for the competitive co-existence era."

In this election year it is timely to recognize that last July, when both the Democratic and Republican parties were formulating their political platforms, the church had spokesmen on the scene. First witness before the responsible committee of the Democratic Party was Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy of the Methodist Church, while Bishop B. Julian Smith of the Christian Methodist Episcopal Church represented the churches at the Republican convention.

THINK THESE OVER

1. How would you describe the true role of the church in society—what is its job? If it has several jobs, how would you rate these in order of importance?

2. How effective is the church, in your opinion, in fulfilling its true role? What does this mean?

3. It has been said, "If there is no tension between the church and the civil community, either that community is regenerate (redeemed) or the church is captive." Do you agree? Why or why not?

4. Do Christians know best how to run the world? If not, who does? What is our Christian responsibility toward those who do run the world and shape men's lives?

go without two meals a day the only acceptable form in which God dare appear is food."

God does come to starving men as food. In the emergency in Chile following the earthquake, churches rushed food supplies in as well as other necessities. In the long-term needs of "underdeveloped" countries, an agricultural missionary teaching poultry raising or contour plowing is not merely meeting human need—he is helping people understand the love of God.

Churches have pioneered in the field of literacy. This program involves taking persons who cannot read or write and helping them lift the level of their living through the skills of reading and writing. The problem is big—some seven hundred million men and women have never learned to read and write even in this modern day. Following a program of "Each One Teach One," every new literate is supposed to teach one other person the skills that he has learned. So the benefits of Christian concern spread, and millions of lives are changed.

But what do these persons read? In some places, unfortunately, communist literature has come into the hands of eager new readers—just another indication of the fact that, in our kind of world, freedom inevitably involves a risk. In the vast majority of cases, however, persons who have just learned to read turn to Christian literature and to practical helps for daily problems such as farming and health. A whole new world is opened to them; the doors to the abundant life move freely.

To Change People

While shaping policies is no minor matter, the changing of people and the conditions of their lives remains the fundamental thrust of the church's mission.

Thus, while the church is interested in helping to shape the attitude of the world toward communism, it is not content to stop there. It is bending its efforts to change the conditions that make men turn to such false gods.

Hunger is one of those conditions. Millions in Asia are more interested in a bowl of rice and curry than in high-flown phrases about "the dignity of human life." Gandhi, the world-famed Indian leader, once said, "To the millions who have to

To Change the World Through People

Getting top priority in the church's total task is changing the world through changed persons. You see, the Christian churches don't aim at being dictators, forcing people into a way of life that the churches have decided is good for them. The church has no desire to impose its will on the world. Rather, it works for the day when men will seek peace not because they are told to but because they want to, and when men will serve God and his kingdom not because they were manipulated into it but because, as redeemed persons, they willingly give God first place in their lives.

On the deepest level, this means confronting people with the claims of Jesus Christ, challenging them to respond to him in faith, and helping them relate to other people in Christian love. In the outgoing, active concern of Christian people the world can be re-made.

But it won't be easy. The troubles of the present, which already seem too much for us to handle, are going to look plenty puny a few short years from now, when still bigger troubles come along. The question Jeremiah asked centuries ago is pertinent:

"If you have raced with men on foot, and they have wearied you, how will you compete with horses? And if in a safe land you fall down, how will you do in the jungle of the Jordan?" (Jer. 12:5).

The world will need the guidance of God's Spirit more than ever. Christian faith, important now, will

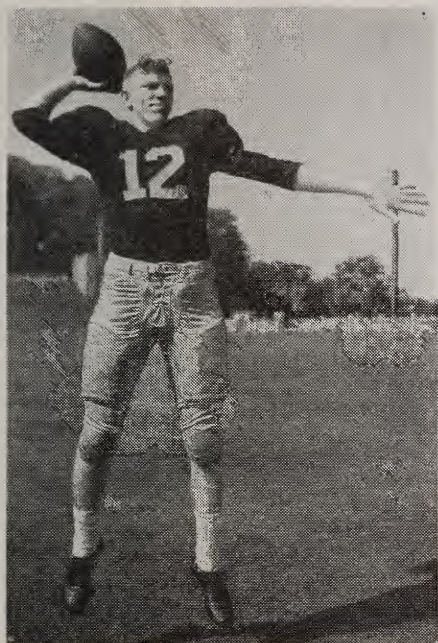
be still more relevant tomorrow. The apostle Paul was speaking to this critical juncture of human history, as if to no other, when he said, "The kingdom of God does not consist in talk but in power" (1 Cor. 4:20). Never in the history of mankind has there been more desperate need of that power, lest men grow fearful and impatient and, forgetful of God's resources, push the panic button.

Nowhere in the New Testament will you read, "Go ye into the political conventions and the United Nations and preach the gospel," yet the churches are increasingly doing just that. Why? Because they believe that when Jesus said, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel . . ." (Mark 16:15) he was asking more of his followers than that they should cover a lot of geography. He was really saying that our job is to penetrate every aspect of the world's vast life with the power of the gospel. If nothing is finally outside God's concern, then nothing is outside the Christian's concern, and the churches have a tremendous job to do—together.

A word of caution, however, Let's not take on a messianic complex. We don't change the world—God does. He just uses our efforts. Sometimes the thing that surprises us most is how much he can do with so little! ■ ■

One reason Americans won't go Communist is that when they hear the shout, "Workers, arise!", they think it's time for the coffee break.

—Jack Wassweman in *Vancouver Sun*



Cadet Joseph Caldwell

Colorful Football Champion

By James W. Carty, Jr.

JOE Caldwell is a Christian champion—now as a career officer in the U. S. Army; previously, as a competitive athlete at West Point.

In his chosen vocation, Lieutenant Caldwell will make his military career a creative path of Christian service. He will be following his tradition of relating his faith to his work as a cadet at the United States Military Academy and as a colorful cooperative quarterback of the Army football team.

Caldwell's life reflects:

Prayer
Praise
Power

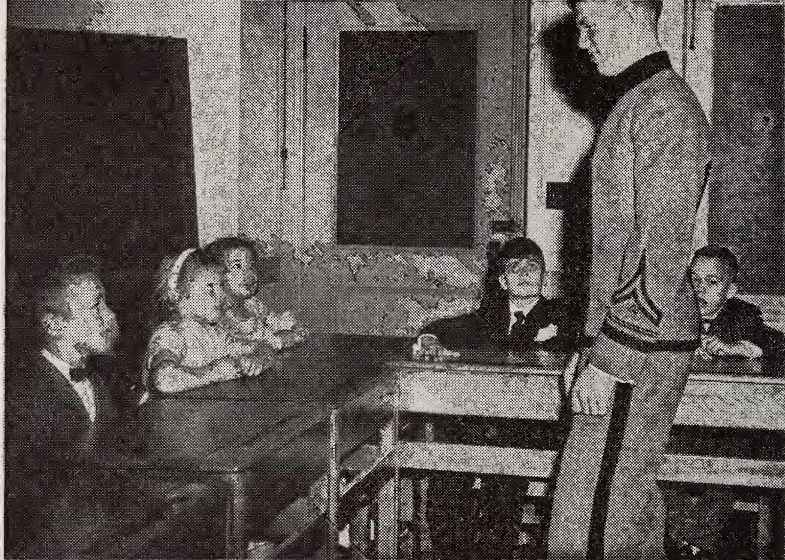
One of Joe Caldwell's warmest

moments came when Colonel Earl Blaik, former coach of the Army team, acclaimed Joe's prayer life and thus gave credit to his testimony and Christian life.

In his communion with God before each game, Caldwell would ask for power to do his best; offer the petition that no one would be hurt, and that the players would glorify God.

For Caldwell, a wholesome, healthy, six-foot, 165-pound All-American from Miami, Florida, said, "Football to me is a means of Christian witness." His only aim: to so live, on and off the field, as to glorify—to praise God.

From this dedication, this commit-



Cadet Caldwell teaches a Protestant church school class of second graders.

ment, and this concern came power.

In victory or defeat, Caldwell has shown the integrity, the stature, the self-respect that come with channeling one's efforts into the very best needed by the team.

His field command was seen in the winning season, when Army romped to a 22 to 6 victory over the Midshipmen of the U.S. Naval Academy in 1958. With his thrilling interceptions and his passing and running, Caldwell helped Army to triumph.

His ability to rise above defeat was shown the next year when Army lost to Navy. His spirit showed that champions come back after losses—and go on to other triumphs, instead of being crushed.

That year, in 1959, Caldwell completed 105 out of 188 passes for 1,343 yards and nine touchdowns.

He ranked sixth in the nation in forward passing and eleventh in total offense.

As Caldwell received his commission as a second lieutenant in the Regular Army on June 8, 1960, he could reflect upon his four years at the Military Academy.

During that period, Joe regularly attended the West Point Cadet Chapel. He taught the Protestant Sunday school second grade class all four years. He participated in the Protestant Discussion Group—which is a Saturday night program at which cadets talk over religious topics of interest and discuss the application of Christian principles to their daily lives.

As a cadet, Caldwell became an active member of the Officer's Christian Union. This international organization in the Armed Forces

is concerned primarily with gathering Christians together for Bible study and fellowship.

Caldwell actively took part in morning devotions. This is a twenty-minute devotional period held in the Chaplain's Office directly after breakfast; with an alternating program of short talks by cadets or the chaplain, songs, and prayer.

Occasionally, as guest speaker, Caldwell presented the gospel and word of testimony at local churches and youth groups.

Caldwell's corps standing was academically in the top twenty-five per cent of his class.

Joe Caldwell is an evangelical, fundamental, Bible-believing Christian.

JOSEPH GRADY CALDWELL was born May 16, 1938, in Sanford, Florida. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Caldwell, now live in Miami. Joe, who has sandy hair and blue eyes and a light complexion, was graduated from Miami Senior High School in 1956 and received a Congressional appointment to the U.S. Military Academy.

At Miami High School, he was team captain of the football squad and also played baseball. He received many awards including all-state, all-Southern, and high school all-American. He also was chosen the outstanding player in Florida in 1955.

The *Miami Herald*, one of the nation's ten top newspapers, claims that Caldwell developed his throwing arm by delivering newspapers for them.

In his personal testimony, Joe brings out that he was dedicated to the Lord before entering the Point. He prayed that, if it were God's will, he might be used as an effective witness.

"Whether or not I would develop football skills I left up to God to decide and rested on Christ for my strength," Caldwell once said in an interview.

"Sports have become an integral part of my Christian life as a means of glorifying, not myself, but God."

In sports on the field, Caldwell knows from firsthand experience: "Within the games, victory and defeat come . . . and each is a trial of faith. In all the ups and downs, I can only rely on Christ."

Caldwell counts on Philippians 4:13: "I can do all things in him who strengthens me."

Another Scripture verse which he applies on and off the field is Luke 16:10: "He who is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much." Caldwell says this "means a lot to me as a growing Christian. It tells you that in each day, each little thing you do must be done faithfully. God will then glorify you in some way and give you new opportunities, new responsibilities, and new ways to serve."

Caldwell comments that there's "no comparison to being on the winning team with Christ as your quarterback."

Men like Joe Caldwell, Christian athlete, strengthen American foundations of freedom, resources of religion, and the dynamics of democracy. ■ ■

LONELINESS

PERHAPS the biggest problem you face in the military is loneliness. Away from the ties of home, of the home church, the community where you did live, you long for fellowship, a sense of belonging, wholesome group companionship. This may seem strange for there are all kinds of people around you—but still you are lonely, for you can be lonely in a crowd.

What we all search for are those few close friends, true friends, where we can be ourselves, where we can say what we really believe and yet be understood. What can you do about this?

For one thing, *you can make a few close friends where you are*. There are others who feel just like you do. They, too, are searching for real friends—a true companionship. Watch out for these. Discover a few and make it a practice to get together with them. You'll find them on base and off base. You'll find them often at the chapel. Those with high ideals and strong faith will naturally gravitate to the chapel. Why not get a few persons of this caliber together from time to time to do some real soul-searching, to talk, to discuss, to pray, to read the Word of God. The chaplain will help you do this if you talk with him.

For another thing, *keep busy in wholesome activities*. You don't need to sit around and moan that there's nothing to do. There are lots of things that need doing and are crying for someone to do them. Boys' groups need leaders. Sunday school classes need teaching. The chapel choir needs some new voices. Again, the chaplain will help you find the work you enjoy doing and where you can render great service.

Finally, *remember you are never alone for Jesus goes with you*. Remember he said, "Lo, I am with you unto the end of the age." And as David Livingstone said, "That's the word of a gentleman; and he'll not go back on it." He knew what it was to be lonely. Remember the song, "Jesus bled and died alone . . . Alone . . ." But God was with him and he will be with you. You can talk with him in prayer; you can call on him in moments of temptation; you can ask him for strength for every task of life. Yes, he is there, real, alive, your best friend—Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, your Savior.

—Larry Fitzgerald

The Appointed Time

For your devotional life. Take time for meditation and prayer.

My Refuge Is in God

IN WHAT do you take refuge? In buildings? In promises of friends? In money? In your own sufficiency? We are prone to do so. But there will come a time in the life of each of us when there will be no refuge in these things.

Eugene Sue, in his book *The Wandering Jew*, describes a character who roams the world searching for release, searching for rest for his tormented soul. He found no refuge until he found Christ.

We have to fly, now and again, into the arms of our closest friends for refuge. But when their refuge is inadequate, the refuge of God's love is waiting. Seek it, sink into it and become secure in the deep, abiding love of God, our Almighty Father.

*Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.*

READ: Psalm 91:1-16

PRAYER: Show me, O God, the depth of your love, and be ever my refuge in trouble. *Amen.*

Come, Ye Thankful People

WHAT are you thankful to God for today? Each of us could make a list which would include many different items. The question is individual. How about making your own list?

*Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home:
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied . . .*

Yes, come—and bring your life as a matured product for a gift of supreme value.

All of us have much for which to be thankful. Health, strength, a land of freedom, homes, parents, sweethearts and wives—all to praise God for. And above all we must ever be thankful for the possession of a kind and loving heavenly Father, to whom we can always turn for wisdom, understanding, strength and love!

Never forget to be thankful for thankfulness is one of the highest human virtues.

READ: 1 Chronicles 16:8-12

PRAYER: O God, my heart is thankful for thy presence with me day by day. Keep me close by thy side and teach me to be grateful for all good things. Amen.

Food for the Spirit

I RECALL the nineteen-thirties when depression was upon the land. Every road had its quota of people wandering, desolate, looking for work and food. Many times we fed an entire family in our home, gave them shelter for the night and gave them some food out of our small supply, for a day's journey. My grandfather's statement was, "No person ever went away from my door hungry."

Let us think of this spiritually. Christ said, "I am the door." No man need ever turn away from that door hungry in spirit. Christ is ever ready and willing to feed our minds and hearts and souls. Our lives will be fuller, our future more secure, if we allow him to feed us on the spiritual food of his eternal presence.

READ: Matthew 14:13-21

PRAYER: Thou knowest me, O God, my thoughts, my actions; they are no secret from thee. Feed me on thy grace. Amen.

Good for Each Other

GENERAL EISENHOWER, on the eve of the Rhine breakthrough during World War II, got out of his command car and walked beside a soldier who was dejected and nervous. "I'll walk with you to the river," the General said, "we'll be good for each other."

The General, of course, was not forced to do this, but he did it; he went out of his way to share for a while the heavy load the young soldier carried.

No matter how much we boast, we are not self-sufficient. Nor are we omnipotent. We need the help, the strength, the understanding of others.

Is your temper short? Are your nerves tightly strung? Then, move away from self out to others. No doubt you'll find acceptance, good will, even love. Let us walk together; we'll be good for each other.

Out of this walk, this fellowship, may come the bright redemptive hope for tomorrow.

READ: Genesis 5:21-24

PRAYER: Make me kind, O Lord, to all the people I meet, so I may be worthy to sit at your feet. *Amen.*

BIBLE VERSE



1 THES. 5:17, 18

Pray without ceasing.

In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.

BIBLE VERSE

Our verse is appropriate for Thanksgiving month—"in every thing give thanks. . . ." Give thanks for life, for health, for happiness, for home, for friends, for our salvation from sin. Give thanks in the morning, at the noontime, when evening shadows fall. Give thanks at home, at work, in the church, wherever you are. Yes, "in everything give thanks."

AMONG OUR WRITERS

PHOTO CREDITS
Pages 6, 7, World Council of Churches, National Polio Foundation; pages 16, 18, 19, George Moore, Goodwill Industries; pages 20, 21, Dale Whitney; pages 23, 24, 25, Willy Rones, Yan, and Karquel; pages 30, 31, 32, John Hancock Life Insurance Company; page 33, UNICEF; pages 42, 43, U.S. Information Service, Radio Free Europe; pages 51, 52, U.S. Military Academy; page 60, U.S. Navy.

Prof. Francis Mason, author of the lively article, "Don't Pray with Your Mouth Full," is a professor of English at Gettysburg College (Pennsylvania). He holds academic degrees from Harvard University and the University of Virginia, and is the author of a book of poems published by Yale University Press. He also has published materials in *The Atlantic Monthly* and several poetry magazines. . . . Aubrey B. Haines, who did the piece "Not Charity but a Chance" on the Goodwill Industries also did a piece for us last year on the Y.M.C.A. which proved to be quite popular. . . . Harold L. Christmann, Chaplain, USNR, is no longer on active duty. He has been released and has taken a pastorate in El Cajon, California. He writes "Letter to a Young Christian" (page 45).

Let Us Pray

O Lord our Lord, we are thankful for work and play, for friends, for freedom, for the homes thou hast given us, and for the dignity of man, created as we are in the image of thyself. Most of all we are thankful for the sending of thy son Jesus into the world to be our Savior. He has redeemed us by his death on the cross and in him do we put our trust.

We pray, Father, that thou wouldst bless us and help us to be a blessing. Bless us individually, but bless us also as a nation; for we are thy people and our steadfast desire is to honor and praise thy holy name. Make us mindful of our sins and many failures and make us more determined to be truly Christian in all our dealings. This we pray through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Almighty God, bless thou America. Grant that we may help build here a mighty nation that knows God and reverences his holy name. Thou hast given unto us power and wealth and great responsibility. May we use these wisely as children of thine. May we fulfill thy purposes for us as a nation. Grant that we may be able to preserve the principles of freedom

and faith, peace and justice, without resort to war. Put thy blessing, O God, upon our effort to show other nations that our intentions are peaceful, that we believe in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, that we are working for that day when men shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. In Jesus' holy name. *Amen.*

Heavenly Father, we pray for thy church. For the ministers who give themselves so willingly to the work of the kingdom of God. For the choirs who praise God with music. For the laymen and laywomen who seek to live Christlike lives day by day. For teachers who break the bread of life to those eager to learn. For all who witness in thy name and thus answer the prayer, "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." For youth who are the church of tomorrow. Give to all of us understanding and brotherhood and true Christian fellowship. Give us likewise a sense of stewardship, a willingness to give our time, our talent, and our treasure to thee, our one true and only God. This we pray through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. *Amen.*



The Link

Satellite

We view developments in the world of religion

Air Force Choir Winners

Winners in the fifth U.S. Air Force Chapel Choir Contest are: First, Wright-Patterson Air Force Base Chapel Choir, Ohio, Air Materiel Command; second, Chapel Choir of Mather Air Force Base, California, an Air Training Command; third, Chapel Choir of Fairchild Air Force Base, Washington, of the Strategic Air Command.

New Look in Missions

Elsa and Friedel Peter, a brother and sister team, Swiss Moravians, who grew up in the fabled Himalayan Mountains in Tibet where their parents were missionaries, and now supported by the Anglican Church of Canada, are missionaries to Pakistan with the primary task of technical assistance. The missionaries double as farmers, bricklayers, literacy experts. Large wells have been drilled. Land reclamation has been carried on. New Zealander Alan Brash says: "What is needed are men and women who can em-

body the love of the gospel and incarnate the love of Christ, not in terms of Western-type institutions, but out in the dust and the hovels . . . the greatest need is for missionaries who will understand the real needs of the people and who go out in the compassion of Christ to meet these needs." Elsa and Friedel Peter embody these principles.

Power of Women on Radio and TV

In the Sixteenth Annual International Television and Radio Workshop held last August in New York, the role women should fulfill in radio and television was stressed. Lisa Sergio, radio commentator, said: "There are two major fields of operation in which women have not even started to make their presence felt. One is as broadcasters beyond the household gossip or purely local commercial marketing program. The other is as public opinion formers in the audience which keeps bad, as well as good, radio and television alive all over the land. . . . At the

community level, the power of the female population to support good radio and television or to denounce undesirable programs is potentially unbeatable."

The Role of Laymen

In conversations on the nature and practice of the Christian ministry held last summer in all parts of the country, one item discussed by ministers was the role of laymen in the life of the church. Graydon McClellan noted a strange reticence on the part of pastors to involve themselves in a discussion of the place of the laymen in the local pastoral ministry. "We always went beyond the idea of keeping laymen busy," he said, "but not much beyond. . . . That is why some church people spend so much time in lodges and service clubs; they are ministers there, but in the church they are only spectators."

Congo Medical Problems

Due to the uprisings in the Congo, of the 400 European doctors and 80 Protestant medical missionaries located there, all but forty have been evacuated. Many hospitals are with-

out a single doctor. Trained Congolese can handle routine matters in Congo hospitals, but doctors are vital in a country where there are as many as 1,500 births a month in one hospital alone. The Rev. Dr. Roland G. Metzger has been serving as Interim Liaison Officer for Congo Relief. The relief mission is securing drugs, medicine and other supplies for Congo hospitals and recruiting doctors for short periods of service until the crisis is over.

Religion in American Life Month

In thousands of communities across the nation, churches, newspapers, service organizations, billboard and poster companies, magazine writers and advertisers are uniting in urging church-synagogue attendance, for this is Religion in American Life Month. RIAL is located at 184 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N.Y., and seeks to accomplish three things: Encourage Americans to attend church; strengthen the influence of all religious institutions in the formation of good character; and point the way to a real security—through dependence upon God.



SUBMARINE LAY LEADERS RECEIVE CROSSES

Early last year, lay leaders of Submarine Squadron Ten were presented crosses and candlesticks for services at sea. The beautiful brass pieces were fashioned in the machine shop of the submarine tender, *Fulton*.

Ten-Year Milestone of the NCC

The triennial General Assembly of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., will be meeting in the Civic Auditorium at San Francisco, December 4-9, 1960. The theme of the San Francisco Assembly will be: *Jesus Christ, Living Lord of All Life*. This meeting will be held simultaneously with the Twenty-Fourth Quadrennial Convention of the Sunday School Movement. A Men's Assembly for laymen will be held Saturday and Sunday, December 3, 4. For detailed information, registration blanks, and brochure, write Rev. J. Quinter Miller, National Council of Churches, 475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N.Y.

Worldwide Bible Reading

Thanksgiving (November 24) to New Year's is a time when Christians everywhere are urged to read the Bible. This was initiated in 1943 by a Marine. Write to the American Bible Society, Dept. U., 450 Park Ave., New York 22, N.Y., for copies of a bookmark listing readings for this period. December 11 is Universal Bible Sunday.

Laymen's Hour on Armed Forces Network

Man to Man, laymen's hour for television, is now being shown on the Armed Forces Television Network. *Man to Man*, an excellent program, is a joint production of the Broadcasting and Film Commission of the National Council of Churches and member denominations.

New Refugee Law Signed

The 86th Congress passed, and the President signed, a law authorizing admission to the U.S. on "parole" one fourth the total number of refugee-escapees from Western Europe settled by other countries within the preceding six months. The law permits the entry, within the one-quarter limitation, of 500 of the handicapped "difficult to resettle" refugees. It also extends for one year the important alien orphans adoption program.

New Organization on Family Life

Last March saw the birth of the National Family Life Foundation, Inc., 225 W. 57th St., New York 19, N.Y. The president is Philip Mather, retired industrialist of Boston. Mr. Mather declares: "It is our purpose to serve as a national citizens' group which will attempt to muster the many forces interested in strengthening the family, and with them, develop over the years, many programs of action which will buttress, strengthen and improve family life."

Distinguishing Facts of Christianity

At a World Council meeting this summer, D. T. Niles of Ceylon listed the major distinguishing facts of Christianity as follows: 1. Christianity is the only religion which worships a Risen Lord. 2. Christianity is the only religion which believes in the ministry of the Holy Spirit. 3. Christianity is the only religion which believes there is "an end, in which God will surely complete history."

The Link Calendar

NOVEMBER is an important month for the religious calendar, embracing as it does World Community Day, Stewardship Day, and Share-Our-Surplus Week—which comes during the Thanksgiving Season. Also this is Religion in American Life Month. Efforts will be made to get everyone to go to church.

Nov. 1-7. Goodwill Week. Purpose: "To promote good will toward handicapped people, particularly through support of Goodwill Industries of America, Inc., 1913 N. St., N.W., Washington 6, D.C."

Nov. 1-March 17, 1961. Camp Fire Girls Golden Jubilee. "In celebrating fifty years of fun and friendship, Camp Fire Girls from seven through eighteen say to America, 'Thank you, America.'" Theme for special conservation project, "She Cares—Do You?" Camp Fire Girls, 16 E. 48th St., New York 17, N.Y.

Nov. 1-30. Junior Red Cross Enrollment Month.

Nov. 4. World Community Day. Established in 1943, its purpose is to define Christian responsibility in international relations, to interpret world community in terms of today's situations. An offering is received to improve opportunities for women to participate in the life of their church and their community and for the international education program of the United Church Women. Theme: "Christian Action for Freedom."

Nov. 8. General Election Day. It is the duty of all citizens to vote. Christians should study the issues, the candidates, and vote as intelligent citizens.

Nov. 10. Marine Corps Birthday. Annually commemorates Corps establishment in 1775.

Nov. 11. Veterans Day.

Nov. 13-19. World Fellowship Week. Sponsored by the YWCAs in sixty-nine countries. "The climax of our year-round program of world fellowship; spiritual fellowship and prayers for peace and justice; sharing our financial resources with the work of the YWCAs in 69 countries."

Nov. 13-Dec. 31. Christmas Seal Campaign. Purpose: "To raise funds to fight tuberculosis."

Nov. 13. Stewardship Day. Held annually since 1934, Stewardship Day is designed to encourage greater giving to God in expression of our gratitude for his gifts to us. The 1960 theme is: "Acknowledge God's Priority."

Nov. 20-26. Know Your America Week. To appreciate fully the heritage of freedom.

Nov. 20-27. Share-Our Surplus Week. Through this SOS program, U.S. Government surplus foods, such as milk, wheat, rice and beans are made available for distribution overseas.

Nov. 24. Thanksgiving Day.

Nov. 24-Dec. 24. Worldwide Bible Reading Program. To awaken the interest of every man in the reading of the Bible and to establish the habit of relying on the teachings of the Bible for spiritual guidance.

Helps for Lay Leaders

Chapter 11: Protestantism's Answer to an Age of Crisis

Here we are dealing with some of the great life-and-death issues of the modern world. We ought to face these realistically. And we should remember they are not solved merely by talk; the deed must follow. However, it is good to analyze the situation, see where we are, who our enemies are, what our message is, and prepare ourselves to tackle the situation—under the power of Almighty God.

1. Crisis upon Crisis (Acts 7)

What are some of the crises which Christianity has faced in the past? (Jesus faced a crisis; and he was nailed to a cross. But he arose triumphant. Note also the crisis of Stephen—our Scripture passage; Paul; John on the Isle of Patmos; the Reformation; etc.) What is your concept of Christianity—everything made easy; or the way of a cross? How does our modern crisis differ from all the others? How should we face this modern crisis?

2. Enemies of the Cross of Christ (Ephesians 6:10-20)

What are the great enemies against Christ in our modern world? Which is the greatest enemy? How are we to win? What can you do as an individual?

3. The Christian Witness in a Troubled World (2 Thess. 3:1-18)

In light of our studies, what are the Protestant teachings that this troubled world should know? How can we best teach these? In what ways should we be doing more than we are now doing?

4. Loyalty to Christ (1 Peter 4:1-19)

What persons or things seek our loyalty today? What do we put first? What ought we to put first? How can Christians show their loyalty to Christ?

Books Are Friendly Things

Operation I.Q.—How to Get into College and Stay There by E. E. Roberts (Henry Stewart, Inc., Buffalo 3, N.Y. 1960. \$2.00)

It is amazing but sixty out of every one hundred college students never get a degree. Yet there are some simple rules, which, if followed, would mean that forty out of these sixty could get a degree. This excellent little book, simply written, practical and inspiring should be required reading for every freshman entering any college. Several universities have recommended the little book to all incoming freshmen, and as a result, ten thousand copies of the book have been sold in eight weeks. Any of you contemplating college will be helped by reading what Professor E. E. Roberts of Bethany College in West Virginia has to say.

In Step with Time by Fred Cloud (Friendship Press, 475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N.Y. 1960. Cloth, \$2.95; paper, \$1.50)

The thrilling story of the march of missions within the U.S. from the day in 1607 when an English clergyman landed with other settlers at Jamestown, Virginia, right up to the threshold of tomorrow is vividly re-created in this new book by Fred Cloud (we are glad to say, a LINK writer). You will read here in this interesting book how Christian pioneers tamed the wilderness, laid foundations for American educational institutions, instigated social reforms, ministered to minority groups, helped weld diverse peoples into a freedom- and justice-loving nation, and gave meaning to our civilization through the Protestant faith and ethic.

The reader will be challenged by the devotion and achievements of the men and women—home missionaries—described in these pages.

Protestant Christianity—Interpreted Through Its Development by John Dillenger and Claude Welch. (Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N.Y. 1960. \$4.50)

The authors contend that the nature and meaning of Protestantism can be understood only in the light of its historical development. So we have here not merely a book of Protestant theology but an interpretation of a community of faith. Christian thought is seen as related to the crucial events of church history. Protestantism is marked by a continual going back to the gospel. It insists on prophetic criticism, not only of Roman Catholicism but of Protestantism; it magnifies the sovereignty of God; it confesses the immediate authority of the Word of God; God is the Lord of the whole of life. Thus what Protestantism is can be seen only in the light of its development.

Sound Off!

(Continued from page 4)

God Bless You

I have found the very true and one closeness to God here on Luzon—I really didn't want to come over here, but once here, life took on an entirely new significance. I've enjoyed and hope to continue reading THE LINK.

—Gladys F. Engel, the Far East

(A letter like this cheers our hearts, for we pray that all of us will find that closer walk with God.)

More Ministers

I was reading THE LINK and learned that you wanted to hear from ones going into the ministry. I believe the Lord is calling me and would appreciate any help you can give. I have just started reading THE LINK and it's very helpful to Christians in the armed services. I am going to make it my regular reading material and will always recommend it to others. I belong to the Baptist church.

—Charles W. Marshall, S-2 Division, U.S. Randolph (CVS-15), Care Fleet Post Office, New York, N.Y.

I want to congratulate you on publishing such a down-to-earth, inspiring magazine. I discovered THE LINK while in the hospital and found such encouraging and inspiring articles that I can honestly say that the rest of my convalescent period was much easier to endure. I also noticed the article about becoming a minister. I have been interested in the ministry for a long time and would appreciate any information on how to start off on the right path, I am a Methodist.

—A/3c Joseph Wright, CMR4, Box 17697, Keesler AFB, Mississippi.

Appreciates Article About His Personnel

I wish to thank you for the fine article and picture you carried in the January issue relative to our personnel who have accepted the call to Christian vocations. . . . It has been my privilege to serve with these boys for the past fifteen months here on Okinawa; a finer group of men will not be found anywhere. . . .

—LT Albert J. Schrader, CHC, USNR, Chaplain MCB 3, Care Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.

Armed Forces Writers in Boston Area

I've been appointed organizing chairman to start a branch of the Armed Forces Writers League in the Lynn-Wakefield area of Massachusetts. We would like to extend an open invitation to all those members and interested persons to join with us. This includes people in the Boston and Lexington areas. Write to me or call me at EDgewood 4-4814.

—Robert Pratt, 1377 Main St., Lynnfield, Mass.

At Ease!



"Mind if I call long distance? There's something I forgot to tell the waiter."

The suburbanite mother was trying to teach her children about the pervading presence of God. "Who watches everything we do?" she asked as a starter. Young Mary and Junior answered eagerly in unison: "The people next door!"

—Pageant

The youngster started work as a stockroom boy. Within six months he was made salesman. In another six months he was upped to sales manager. Six months after this he was named general manager of the firm. And just short of six months more he was called in by the presi-

dent of the firm. The president explained that he would retire at the end of the year and turn the presidency over to the youth.

"Thanks," said the youth.

"Look," growled the president, you've been with this firm for only two years. I just told you that you'll be the new president at the end of the year, and you say 'thanks.' Is that all you can think of to say?"

"Well," the youth said finally, "thanks a lot, Dad!"

—Milt Hammer

Working with a grammar lesson, a grade schoolteacher asked one of his students, "What is it when I say, 'I love you, you love me, he loves me?'"

The youngster thought a moment then replied, "That's one of those triangles where somebody gets shot."

—Stephen More in *Coronet*

An exasperating woman had spent almost two hours looking over the store's stock, complaining constantly, criticizing incessantly.

"Why is it," she snapped at last, "that I never get what I ask for in here?"

"Perhaps, Madam," said the tired clerk, "it's because we are too polite."

—Quote

The president of a big company called on a long-time employee and said, "I've heard you've been to church praying for a raise. Don't you know I won't stand for anybody going over my head?"

—*Journal of the American Medical Association*





